

CRIME
AND
JUSTICE

CRIME AND JUSTICE

No. 3

10¢
LNC



In This Issue:
**TELL-TALE
DOUBLE SLUG
NIGHTMARE
OF DEATH**
**CRIME
AND JUSTICE
UNDERWORLD
WAR**



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

CRIME FIGHTING

COMMUNICATIONS

PLAYS A VITAL PART IN FIGHTING CRIME...THE PATROLMAN AT THE MICROPHONE IS BROADCASTING TO THE PATROLING RADIO CARS A WANTED ALARM FOR A HOLDUP MAN. THE SAME MESSAGE IS ALSO SENT OUT ON THE TELETYPE SYSTEM TO OTHER VARIOUS PARTS OF THE COUNTRY



THE FINGER PRINT CAMERA

A FEW YEARS BACK IN THE HISTORY OF CRIME-DETECTION, THE USE OF PHOTOGRAPHS WAS LIMITED ALMOST ENTIRELY TO THE IDENTIFICATION OF CRIMINALS EITHER BY THEIR FINGERPRINTS OR BY LIKENESSES OF THEIR HEAD AND SHOULDERS, IN RECENT YEARS PHOTOGRAPHY HAS DEVELOPED INTO AN IMPORTANT SCIENCE OF EXTREME VALUE IN PROVIDING EVIDENCE OF EVERY TYPE IN COURT....



THE FLUOROSCOPE

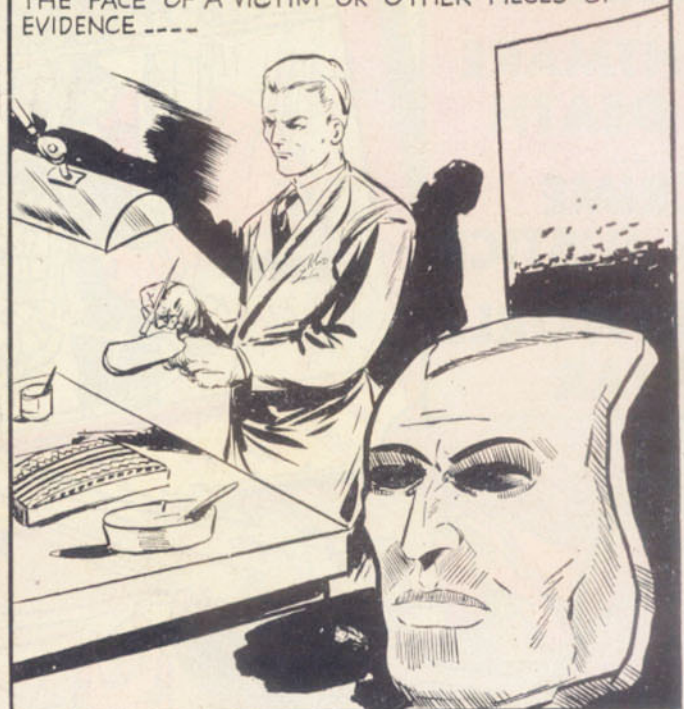
THIS SCIENTIFIC INSTRUMENT CAN REVEAL THE CONTENTS OF A SUSPICIOUS PACKAGE....



A PRINT IS MADE
REVEALING A PISTOL
HIDDEN IN THE PACKAGE

A MOULAGE

POLICE TECHNICIANS MAKE ACCURATE REPRODUCTIONS OF FOOT PRINTS AND TIRE MARKINGS. SOMETIMES IT IS NECESSARY TO CONSTRUCT THE FACE OF A VICTIM OR OTHER PIECES OF EVIDENCE....



UNDERWORLD WAR

KILLER AGAINST KILLER!

"WHAT A RACKET. I'M LAUGHING! SCARED, THAT'S WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH THEM BOOKIES. AFRAID TO CALL DA COPS WHEN WE HEIST 'EM! EITHER THEY KICK IN OR DIE LIKE RATS!"

IN NATURE, A JACKAL WILL FIGHT IT OUT TO THE DEATH WITH A WOLF FOR A STOLEN MORSEL... SO IN THE UNDERWORLD, ONE GANG WILL PREY ON ANOTHER THAT HAS AN "EASY RACKET". GANG WARS ARE RUTHLESS—NO QUARTER IS ASKED, NONE GIVEN. IT'S THE LAW OF THE JUNGLE!

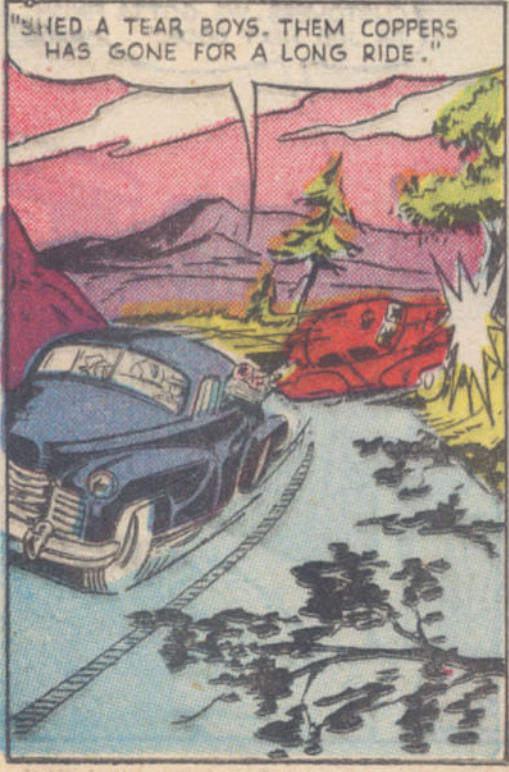
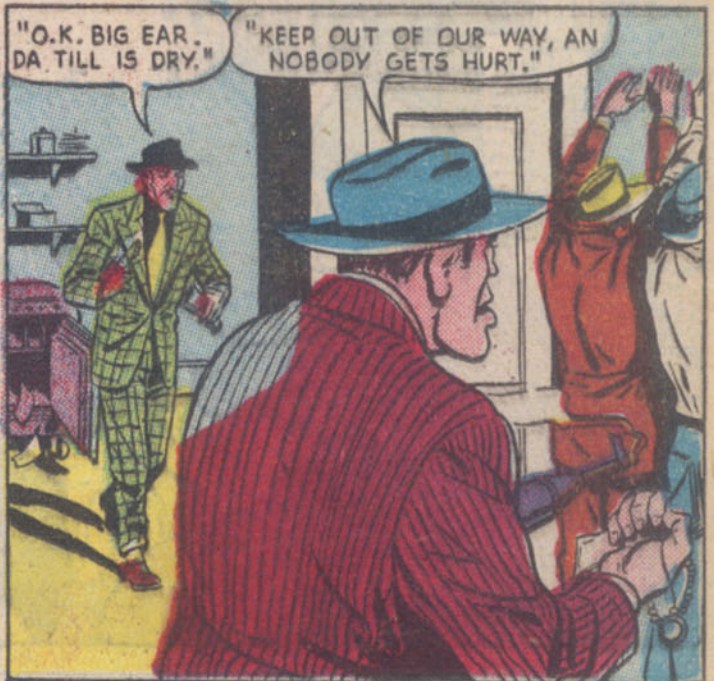
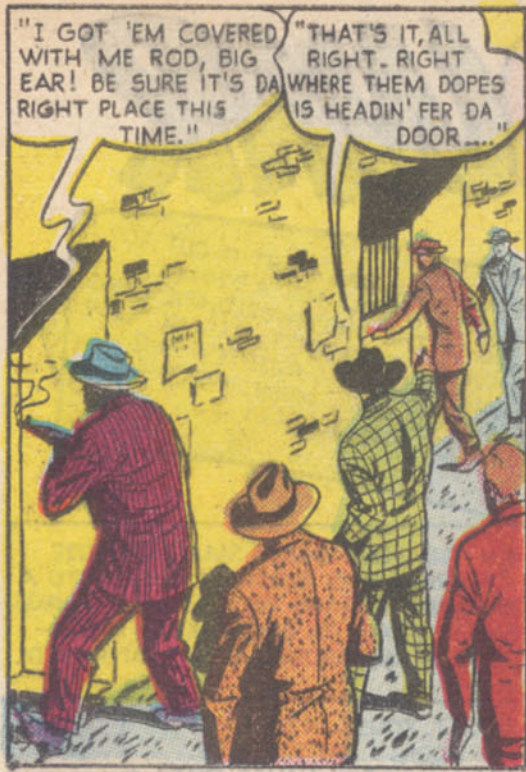
IN THE YEAR 1945, A SMALL BONFIRE OF CRIME WAS SUDDENLY FANNED TO A BURNING INFERNO BY A GANG OF THUGS WHO PREYED ON BOOKMAKERS OPERATING IN AND AROUND A BIG EASTERN CITY.

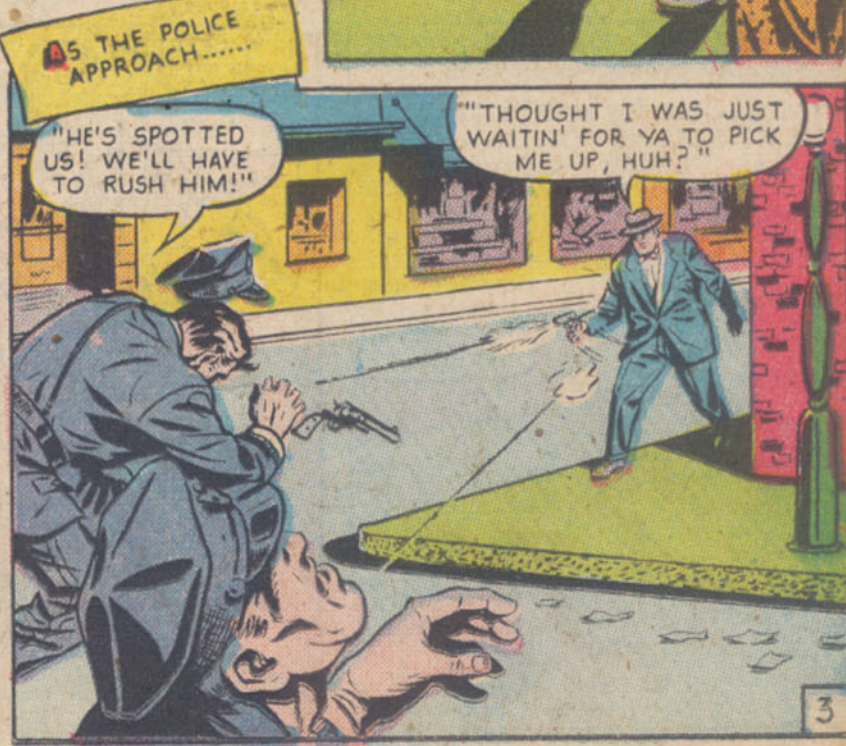
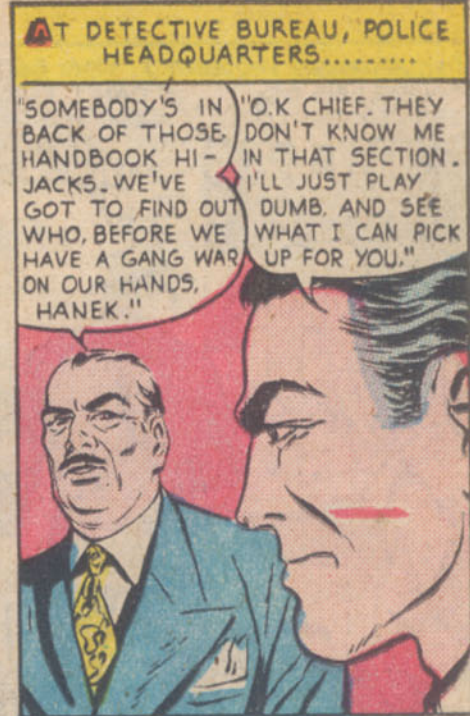
"QUIET, YOUSE- IN DA BACK DOOR!!! DAT'S WHERE DA HANDBOOK HANGS OUT."

"HEY, BIG EAR, DIS IS DA WRONG JOINT!"

"YEAH? FUNNY AIN'T IT? TAKE IT OVER ANYWAY!"

"LISTEN, BIG BOY. WATCH THESE CUSTOMERS. WE GOTTA FINISH DA JOB NEXT DOOR."





"SOMETHING'S HAPPENED, BIG EAR! BIG BOY DROPPED THE COPS!!!"

"TOO BAD! DEAD COPS CAN'T REPORT US. WE GO AHEAD WID DIS JOB LIKE WE SAID. GET GOING!—WE CAN'T WASTE NO TIME NOW!"



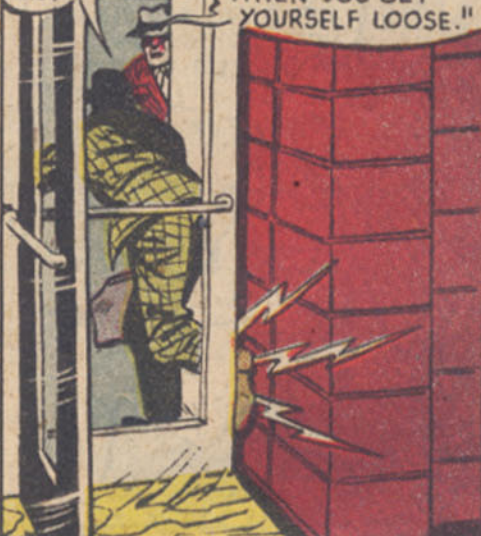
"OKAY BOYS, WE TAKE DA VELVET AN' LAM' OUT FAST! NO USE STALLIN', GENTS. COME ON, DONKEY, CLEAN THAT STUFF UP FAST. YOU TOO, TURK. SOMEBODY MIGHT HAVE HEARD BIG BOY'S GUN SHOTS."



"GET OUT OF ME WAY, YOUSE GUYS—THEM BOOKIES ARE REAL MAD AND THEY'RE RIGHT ON OUR TAIL."

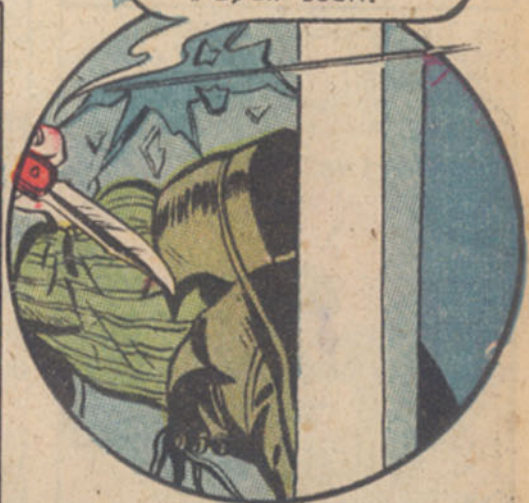


"HEY! HELP! MY FOOT, IT'S JAMMED IN THIS #) @ (S DOOR....WAIT FOR ME!"



"HAND ME DA VELVET, TURK—WE'RE BLOWING WID DE STUFF. SEE YOU WHEN YOU GET YOURSELF LOOSE."

"THROWIN' LEAD AT ME ALREADY! DIS # @) S DOOR!"



SOON AFTER, THE SYNDICATE'S BIGGIES CALL AN EMERGENCY MEETING...

"THIS IS WHAT THE DICKS CALL A 'CLUE'. WE PICKED IT UP AT THE DOOR. WE CHECKED AND IT DON'T BELONG TO ANY OF OUR GANG. WHOEVER WEARS THE MATE TO THIS SHOE IS OUR MAN....HE'LL TELL US WHO PULLED THAT JOB LAST NIGHT."

"I SAW THE GUY CUTTING AWAY TO TEAR HIMSELF LOOSE. HE WAS BENT OVER AND I COULDN'T SEE HIM TOO GOOD—BUT IT MIGHT BE MUSHMOUTH MORAN."



"HEY—LEAVE ME ALONE....I AIN'T? UH...H...H...H. AG...H...H."



"DON'T WANT TO HEAR ABOUT IT MUSHMOUTH." "THROW HIM IN DA CAR—HE CAN TALK ALL HE WANTS TO DA BOSS!"

"NO, IT DON'T FIT HIM—GUESS THAT PROVES MUSHMOUTH AIN'T OUR BIRDIE. THROW HIM OUT, BUT FIRST REMIND-HIM TO CLAM UP ABOUT THIS—OR WE'LL PICK HIM UP AGAIN.....DEAD!!"



"WHATSTAH BIG IDEA, TRYING SHOES ON ME, HUH?"



"OWWWWWWWW
CUT IT OUT! I
DONE NOTHIN!"

"TOUGH LUCK, MUSHMOUTH—BUT
YOU'RE LUCKY IT'S NOT YOUR
SHOE. THAT'S ENOUGH, BOYS—LEAVE
ENOUGH LIFE IN HIM, SO HE CAN
CRAWL BACK AND TELL HIS PALS WE'RE
IN THE SHOE BUSINESS UNTIL WE FIND
A SURE-ENOUGH CUSTOMER TO
PUT THIS ONE ON!"

"SO DEY
WANNA GET
ROUGH! WE'LL SHOW DA LOUSY
BOOKMAKERS HOW TA PLAY DA SAME
GAME! DEM BOOKMAKERS CAN'T DO
THAT TO ONE OF MY BOYS! AN' WE'VE
BEEN SO CONSIDERATE OF THEM, TOO.
WE'LL HAFTA GET ROUGH WID 'EM."

LATER...

"YEAH, WE GOT YOUR
LITTLE BOY MIKE REALO
RIGHT HERE. YOU CAN GET
HIM BACK IN ONE PIECE FOR
A LITTLE TOKEN PAYMENT,—
WHAT YOU SAY TO
THIRTY GRAND?"

"A DIRTY TRICK—THEY
KIDNAPPED OUR BEST
CUSTOMER. MIKE IS
THE BIGGEST BOOK-
MAKER IN THE
BUSINESS."



"SO I'LL SAY
O.K. TO YOUR
DEAL. BUT THIS
AIN'T A FRIENDLY
THING TO DO
TO THE
SYNDICATE."

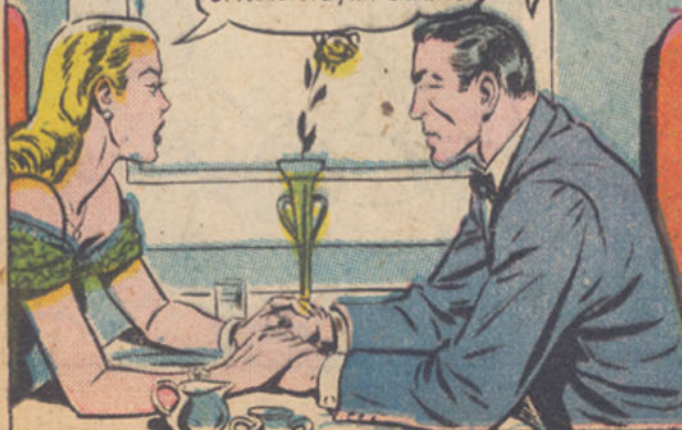
KITTY TELLS OF HER WORRY ABOUT HER BROTHER...

"SO THAT FELLOW
BILL IS YOUR
BROTHER? I'M
GLAD I GOT
THAT STRAIGHT
WHAT ELSE?"

"THE THING
THAT'S GOT ME
WORRIED, HAN, IS
THAT BILL IS RIGHT
IN THE MIDDLE."

"NOW THAT I KNOW
IT WAS BIG EAR'S GANG
THAT TOOK THE
SYNDICATE, I'M SCARED."

"I'LL HELP
YOU, KID. I'LL
HAVE SOME OF
MY MEN DOWN
AT THE PLACE,
LOOKING THINGS
OVER."



"STEP ON IT, PALSIE, I
WANNA TRY SOMETHING
OUT ON YOU, AN' HONEST
IT WON'T PINCH A BIT!"

"WHY PICK ON
A LITTLE GUY
LIKE ME? I'LL
PAY YOU OFF
ANY WAY YOU
WANT—ONLY LEAVE

"YOU HEARD WHAT
HE SAID—
KEEP GOING!"

THE
FOLLOWING
EVENING...

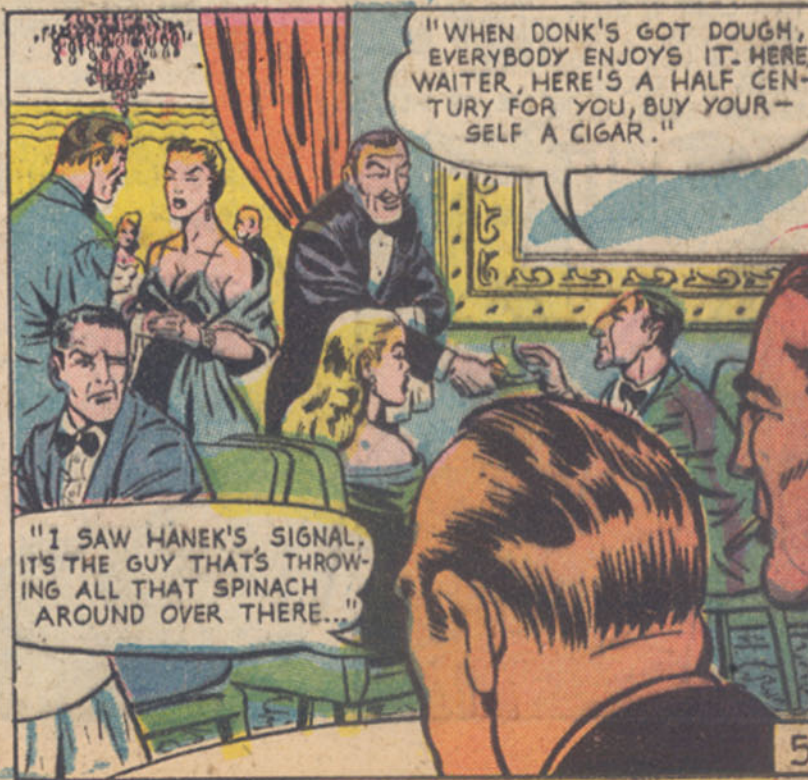
"WHY HELLO KITTY!
AND YOU'RE ALL
ALONE, TOO!"

"YES, DARN
THE LUCK! SIT
DOWN, HAN; I'VE
GOT SOMETHING
TO TALK TO YOU
ABOUT."



"THIS IS PLAIN TALK,
HAN. YOU'RE A COP,
AREN'T YOU? I
DIDN'T THINK SO
FIRST, BUT IF I KNOW,
OTHERS WILL TOO."

"WELL, THAT'S
STRAIGHT, ALL
RIGHT. BUT I TRUST
YOU, KITTY, AND
BELIEVE ME, YOU
CAN TRUST ME—ALL
THE WAY."



"WHEN DONK'S GOT DOUGH,
EVERYBODY ENJOYS IT. HERE,
WAITER, HERE'S A HALF CEN-
TURY FOR YOU, BUY YOUR-
SELF A CIGAR."

"I SAW HANEK'S SIGNAL.
IT'S THE GUY THAT'S THROW-
ING ALL THAT SPINACH
AROUND OVER THERE..."

"MY, MY, DONK, YOU'RE
AWFULLY GENEROUS
TONIGHT.... MIND IF
WE ASK YOU A COUPLE
OF QUESTIONS?"

"WELL I
DON'T MIND, IF--"

"IF YOU'RE FASTER
ON THE DRAW
THAN I AM...
WHICH YOU AIN'T
THIS TIME,
COPPER."

"OWWWW-
WWW-
WWW-
WWW-"

"I CAN'T
CHANCE
FIRING AT
HIM... PLACE
IS TOO
CROWDED."

AS POLICE WITHHOLD THEIR FIRE
TO AVOID HITTING OTHERS IN THE
ROOM, DONKEY STILES ESCAPES....

"SO THEY PICKED ON
YOU, DONKEY TO
ANSWER A FEW
QUESTIONS? I KNOW
YOU DON'T BLABBER
TO NOBODY--SO IT
MUST BE SOMEBODY
IN THIS GANG. AND
I'M GONNA FIND
OUT WHO."

"HOW
ABOUT
WHITEY? HE
MIGHT RUN
OUT ON US
LIKE HE RAN
OUT ON BIG
BOY AT DA
COMMISSION
HOUSE, REMEMBER

AN
HOUR
LATER

"GIVE ME A CHANCE
TO EXPLAIN, BIG
EAR ME, I
NEVER RUN OUT
ON NOBODY--
NO NO !!!!!!! AHG-HG-
G-G-G-G-G-H-H-H-H"

"YOU WON'T
HAFTA EXPLAIN
NOTHIN' NOW,
WHITEY!"

"SURE, SURE, IT'S
ME, DONK! KITTY
CAN'T CHA SEE I
GOTTA TALK TO YOU
RIGHT AWAY.... SURE,
SURE, IT'S IMPORTANT."

"ALL RIGHT, DONK.
I'LL SEE YOU IN
MY PLACE TONIGHT.
GOODBYE....."

"I HAD TA TELL SOMEBODY...
WHITEY'S GONE--THEY DRILLED
HIM LAST NIGHT. 'BIG EAR'S
GONE CRAZY, KID. I MIGHT BE
NEXT. I GOTTA GET
OUTA DA RACKET
BEFORE HE GETS ME."

"OR GETS
ME, OR BILL!"

"YA KNOW I'VE ALWAYS
BEEN SWEET ON YOU, KID...
I'M THROUGH WID DE
RACKET AFTER WE PULL
DA BUTTER CUP CANDY
STICKUP T' MORROW.
NIGHT.... THEN, IT'S
ME AN' YOU, KITTY.
WE TAKES OFF RIGHT
AFTER DA SPLIT, SEE?"

"YEAH,
THAT'S A
GREAT
IDEA,
DONKEY
WE
COULD
LEAVE
TOMORROW
NIGHT..."

AFTER KITTY GETS RID OF DONKEY--

"HAN, HERE'S AN' EAR-
FUL, AND I JUST GOT
IT. GANG'S PLANNING
A HOLDUP OF THE
BUTTER CUP CANDY
PAYROLL
TOMORROW."

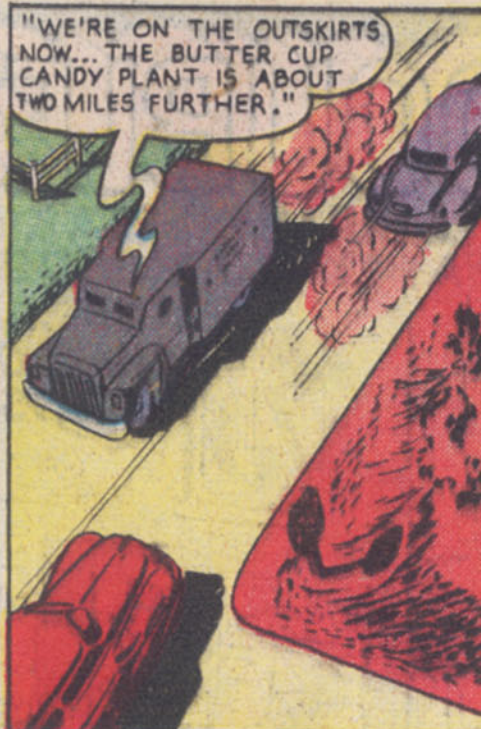
"THE PAY-
ROLL'S
DELIVERED BY
ARMORED CAR-
I'LL FIND OUT
THE TIME. THANKS
FOR THE TIP, KIT.
YOU AND BILL
HAD BETTER GO
IN HIDING
TILL THIS
IS OVER."

AT FOUR THIRTY P.M. THE NEXT DAY...

"THIS GANG'S AFTER BIG DOUGH, ALL RIGHT, QUITE A PAYROLL YOU'VE GOT HERE. HOW FAR ARE WE FROM THE PLANT?"



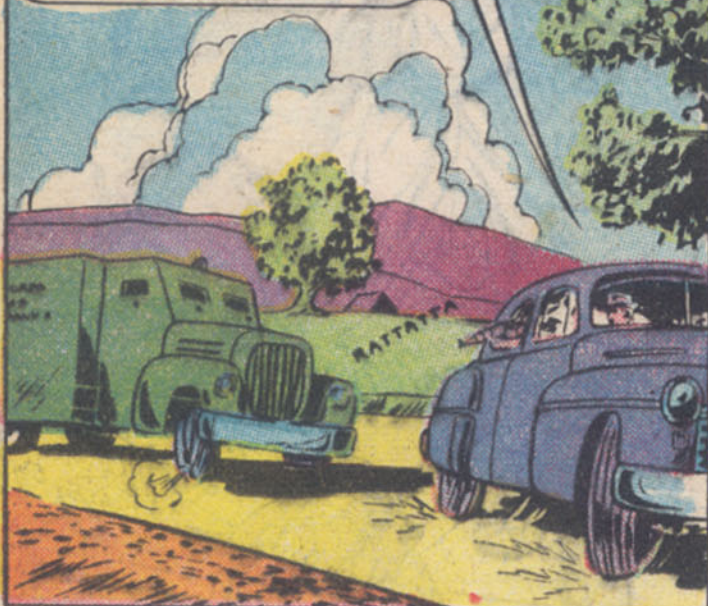
"WE'RE ON THE OUTSKIRTS NOW... THE BUTTER CUP CANDY PLANT IS ABOUT TWO MILES FURTHER."



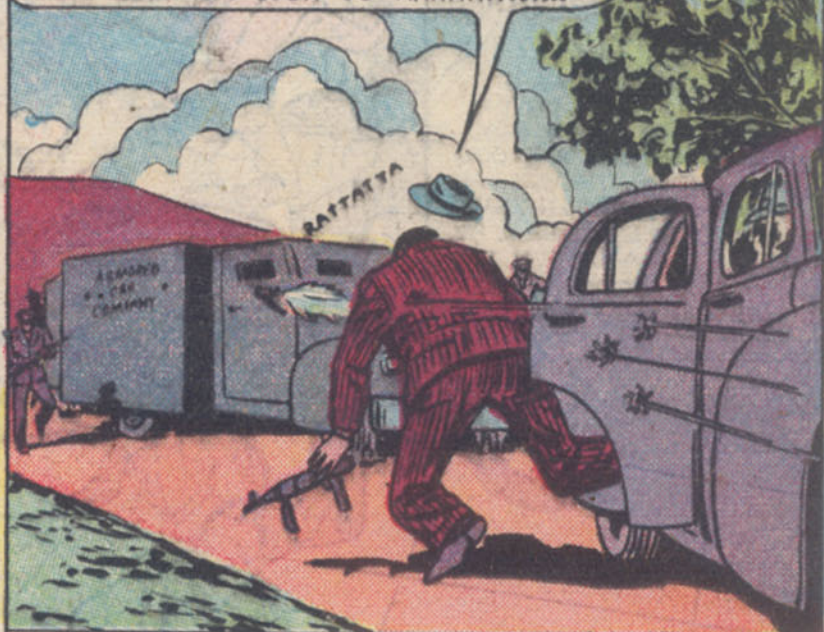
"HE PASSED RIGHT IN FRONT OF US, AND DIDN'T SEE US. O.K. NOW, TURK, GO GET 'IM."



"BLAST AWAY AT DA TIRES, BOYS... WE'LL WORK ON DA ARMOR PLATE LATER, WHEN WE GET CLOSE UP ON THEM."



"CHEEZ! DA ARMORED CAR IS LOADED WID COPPERS! LOOK OO-AHHHHH....."



"ALL RIGHT YOU MEN, THROW DOWN YOUR PEA SHOOTERS, AND HANDS UP. THIS IS AN ARREST—AND WE'RE TAKING ALL OF YOU THAT'S STILL ALIVE."

"BIG EAR DIDN'T SAY NOTHIN' ABOUT THE CAR—FULL OF COPPERS....."

"I GIVE UP..."

"WHAT'S KITTY GONNA SAY WHEN SHE HEARS ABOUT THIS!"



AFTER THE LONG TRIAL

"MY THANKS TO YOU BOTH FOR THE HELP IN CONVICTING THAT GANG! WE'VE GOT THEM PUT AWAY FOR KEEPS. YOU KIDS DON'T HAVE TO FEAR ANYTHING NOW. JUST KEEP OUT OF TROUBLE!"

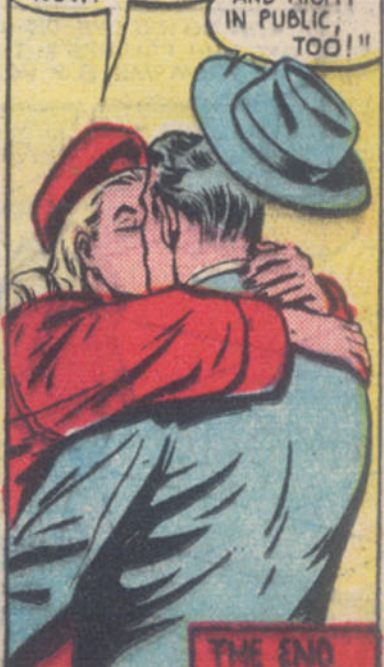
"IT WASN'T EASY TO GET OUT OF THE CLUTCHES OF THOSE GANGSTERS. YOU HELPED."

"BILL AND I ARE GOING BACK HOME, HAN. ONLY CLEAN, HONEST WORK FOR US, FROM NOW ON... OH! THE TRAIN'S LEAVING, BILL. ONLY TIME LEFT TO...."



"THIS IS GOOD-BYE ONLY FOR NOW."

"WHY KITTY.... AND RIGHT IN PUBLIC, TOO!"



THE END

DOUBLE SLUG

**A BULLET HITS A KID DURING
A NEIGHBORHOOD BOYS' GANG
FIGHT...AND A
CHAIN OF TRAGIC
EVENTS IS ON...**

"COPS and ROBBERS"
IS A HARMLESS GAME,
BUT DEADLY WHEN IT
TURNS TO GANG WAR,
LIKE THIS ONE... ONLY A
SHORT TIME AGO, A BOY
STOOD BEFORE A BROOK
LYN JUDGE. HE WAS
SENTENCED TO TEN YEARS
IN JAIL—FOR KILLING A PAL.
LET IT BE A LESSON TO
YOU, FOR "ACCIDENTS" LIKE
THIS CAN HAPPEN!

THE "STINGERS," AS THIS KID GANG CALLED ITSELF, WAS HAVING ITS MEETING IN A DARK ALLEY OF THEIR NEIGHBORHOOD.

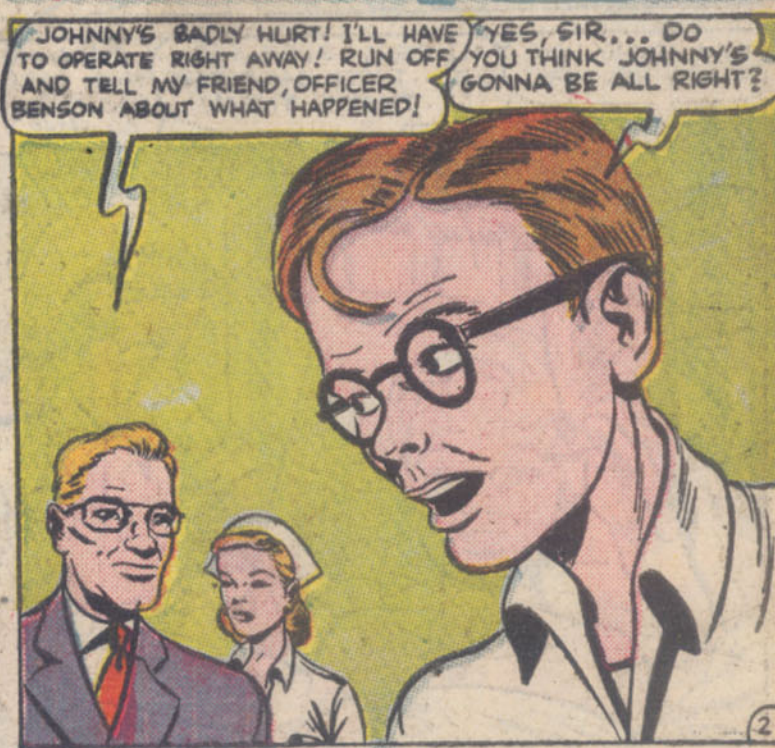
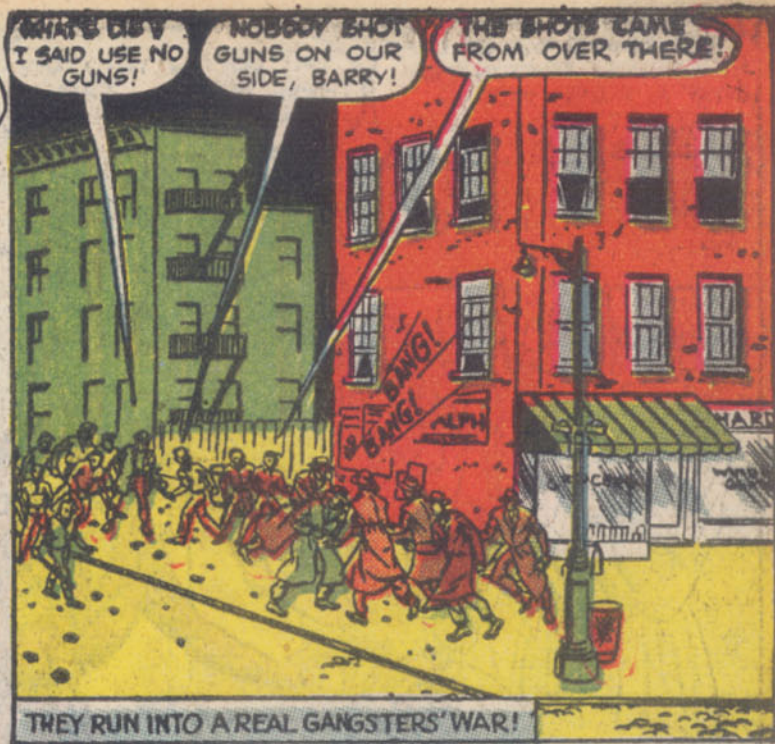
BUT ALL IS NOT HAPPY WITH THE GANG.

HOW DO YOU LIKE DIS HOME-MADE
GAT, NUH FELLERS? I BORROWED
IT FROM ME BIG BRUDDER!

GEE. MAYBE WE
CAN ALL MAKE SOME
LIKE IT, HUH BARRY?

OK. O.K. SO YOU WANT A
NEW LEADER. JUST WHEN
WE'VE GOT A FIGHT WITH
THE VAMPS GANG?

THE VAMPS ARE
WAITING TO AMBUSH
US- IN THE NEXT BLOCK
THERE'S A BIG BUNCH OF
THEM. I ONLY MEANT...





HE'S COMING OUT OF IT NOW, NURSE! FORTUNATELY ONLY A FLESH WOUND. I EXTRACTED THE BULLET...

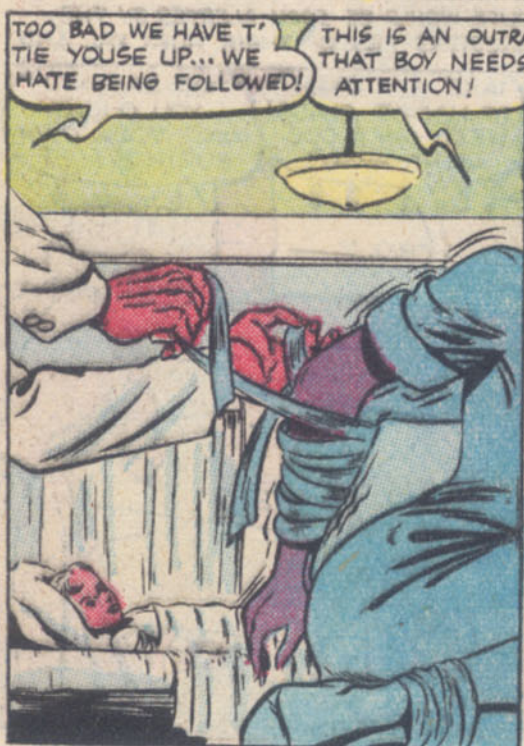
OH! DOCTOR, WHO ARE THESE PEOPLE... THEY CAN'T COME IN HERE!



WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THIS? WHO ARE YOU?

WHAT DO YOU WANT?

WE CAME FOR... THIS BOTTLE OF ETHER!

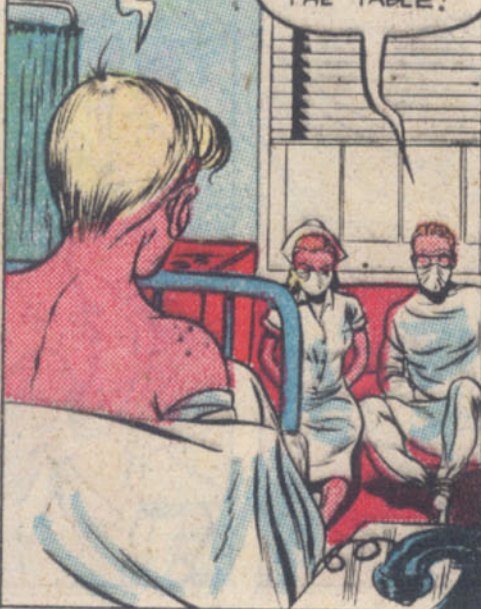


TOO BAD WE HAVE T' TIE YOUSE UP... WE HATE BEING FOLLOWED!

THIS IS AN OUTRAGE! THAT BOY NEEDS ATTENTION!

THOSE WERE THE GANGSTERS, SIR! I RECOGNIZED THEM!

KEEP CALM, JOHNNY! SEE IF YOU CAN PUSH THE PHONE OFF THE TABLE!

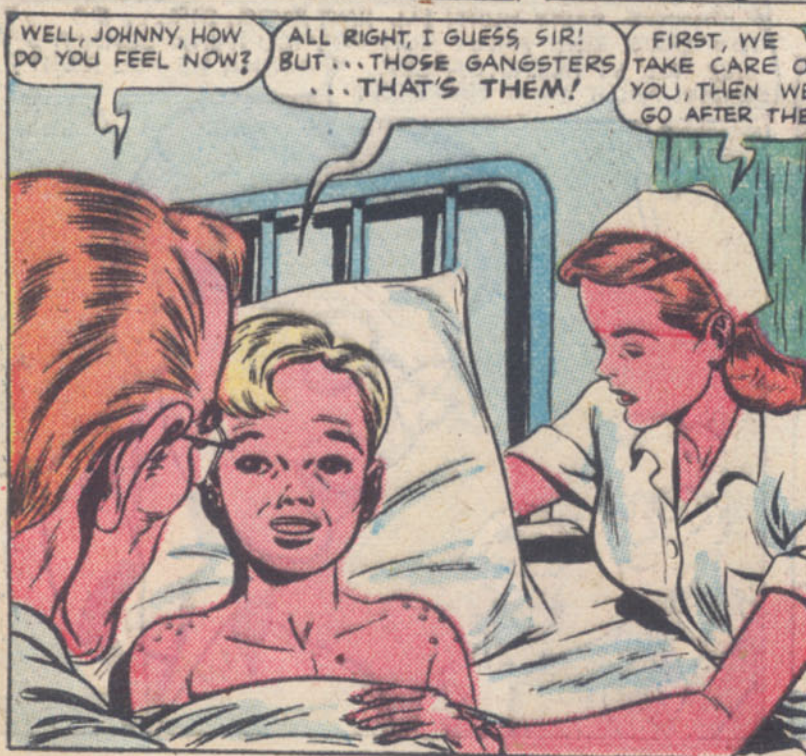


THE DOCTOR'S LABORATORY ASSISTANT HEARD THE PHONE CLATTER TO THE FLOOR, FROM BELOW...

WHAT'S HAPPENED, DOCTOR?

TELL YOU LATER! LET US LOOSE, SO WE CAN TAKE CARE OF JOHNNY!

FUNNY THUGS, DOCTOR! ONLY TOOK A BOTTLE OF ETHER!



WELL, JOHNNY, HOW DO YOU FEEL NOW?

ALL RIGHT, I GUESS, SIR! BUT...THOSE GANGSTERS...THAT'S THEM!

FIRST, WE TAKE CARE OF YOU, THEN WE'LL GO AFTER THEM!



FROM JOHNNY'S DESCRIPTION, THAT'S THE DIZZIE GANG! THEY HANG OUT IN THIS SECTION! LET'S PAY HANK A VISIT!

FUNNY THING - THEY STOLE NOTHING FROM ME, ONLY A BOTTLE - AN ETHER BOTTLE!

OFFICER BENSON COMES UP TO THE HANK HANGOUT?



SHORTLY AFTER THE GANGSTER'S OPERATION IS OVER...

WELL, I EXTRACTED THE BULLET. THAT'S THE BEST I CAN DO WITHOUT EQUIPMENT AND MEDICINE. I'LL WRITE OUT MY REPORT!

REPORT? YOU CAN REPORT TO ME, DOCTOR!



YOU'RE NOT LEAVING, DOCTOR!

I'LL HAVE TO CALL THE HOSPITAL FOR THIS PATIENT...

DIS GAT SAYS YOU STAY PUT, DOC!



YOU, A DOCTOR? THAT'S A LAUGH! COME ON, GOONS! WE'RE ON OUR WAY!

SHALL I CALL AN AMBULANCE, DOCTOR SAXE?



NEVER DID LIKE SAWBONES, ANYWAY.. HERE! TAKE DIS!

LOOK OUT, DOC - YOU'RE COVERED!



TWO SHOTS RING OUT--AND...

MISSED! WHO TRIPPED HIM?

THAT SHOT CAME FROM OVER THERE-- THE GOON'S HURT!



DON'T THANK ME DOC! YOU SAVED MY LIFE! IF THAT FAKER OPERATED ON ME I'D BE DEAD BY NOW!

TAKE IT EASY, FELLOW! I STILL MUST GET YOU TO THE HOSPITAL!

LOOK AT 'EM RUN OUT ON US!



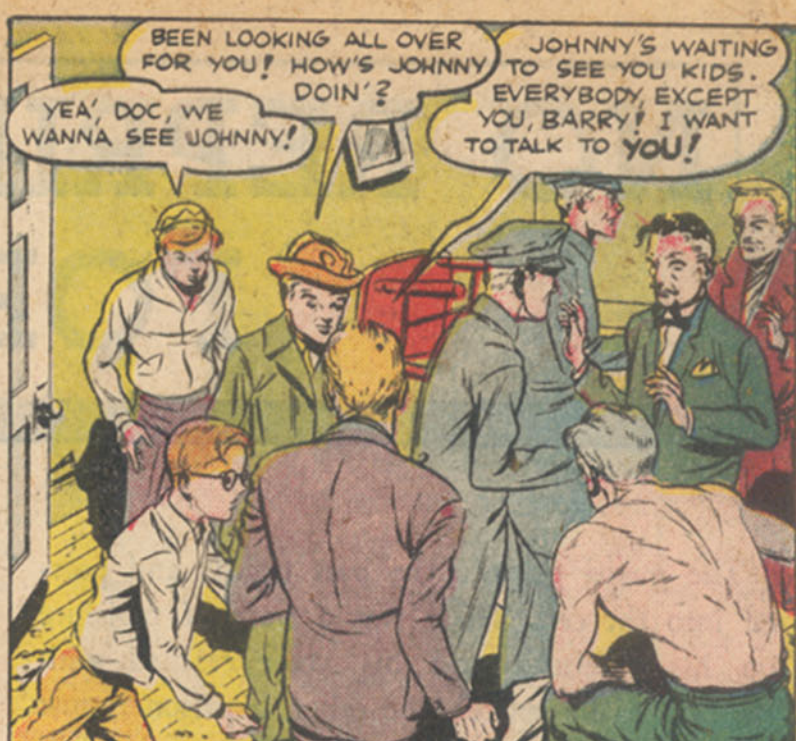
LIKE CORNERED RATS, THE GANGSTERS DIDN'T KNOW WHICH WAY TO TURN.

DE COPS!

WE'RE BOTTLED UP!

SOUNDS LIKE MY GANG COMING UP!





SHORTLY AFTER, IN DR. SAKES'S PRIVATE OFFICE...

BARRY, HERE'S THE SLUG I REMOVED FROM JOHNNY'S ARM. IT'S A .22 SLUG! THIS .38 SLUG IS FROM THE GANGSTER'S CHEST. YOU SHOT JOHNNY, BARRY!

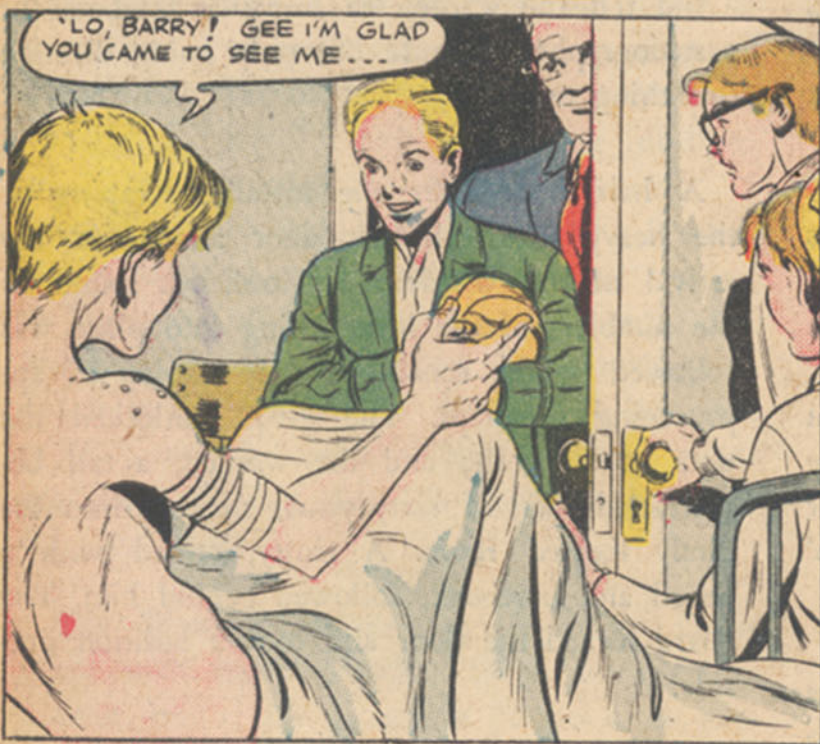
I-- YES, DAT SLUG'S FROM MY HOME-MADE GUN-- ...I MEANT ONLY TO SCARE HIM-- 'CAUSE HE WANTED ME OUT AS LEADER OF THE STINGERS!

YOU COULD HAVE KILLED YOUR PAL, BARRY. IMAGINE, YOU A MURDERER!

GEE! DOC! I DIDN'T MEAN IT... IS JOHNNY GOING TO DIE?

COME ON BARRY, I'LL LET YOU SEE JOHNNY---

AW! DOC! I... CAN'T... STAND ...TO SEE.. HIM!



'LO, BARRY! GEE I'M GLAD YOU CAME TO SEE ME...



GO EASY ON HIM, OFFICER BENSON... AND TELL THE JUDGE I'LL TAKE BARRY IN CUSTODY! MAYBE I'LL MAKE A DOCTOR OUT OF HIM, WHEN HE GROWS UP!

GEE! DOC! YOU'RE A GOOD GUY! 'N SMART TOO, YOU SAVED JOHNNY FOR ME!

NO REPRIEVE FOR MURDER

The guard gripped the bars tightly and peered into the cell. There was a trace of moisture on his forehead and his voice cracked with emotion as he spoke. The other, a prisoner, just sat on his cot and stared with an expression of mild amusement on his pale face. His trouser legs had been cut up the sides, and a spot on his head had been shaved clean of hair. The trademarks of the condemned.

"You're out of luck, Rocky. The governor has turned down your last appeal. . . I'm sorry." The guard waited for his words to sink in. This was the end. The months of waiting were over. A little later he would have to help other guards carry this pathetic little man away from the chair . . . only he wouldn't be pathetic then, he'd be just a corpse and he'd be buried among other corpses that rested in that little field just beyond the rear gate of the prison. Sooner or later some one else would be waiting in that cell. Waiting and hoping, although few of its occupants had ever left it except to go through the little green door at the end of the cell block.

Rocky, the grim smile still etched on his face, looked up at the guard. "Take it easy, Hollis, you'd think it was you that was gonna burn. They ain't going t'kill me tonight . . . I'm already dead . . . A guy really dies when he's taken one look at that door. Just do me a favor, Hollis. Send word to the Governor that because of his lousy attitude, I ain't votin' for him the next time he runs for office."

The guard laughed hollowly. "Ya gotta hand it to you, Rocky . . . You sure take the bad news in your stride. Is there anything I

can do for you? You can have anything you want to eat tonight, you know."

"Bring me the works," Rocky said. "I don't know if I can eat it or not, but I might as well take one last look at it . . . and tell the Warden I want to see him . . . I'm going to make a confession."

The guard looked at the prisoner with disbelief. "Confession?" he said. "But you said you were innocent . . . that this was a bad rap. You mean you're going to own up that you killed that guy?"

"I said I wanted to see the Warden. What I have to say, I'll say to him. You can listen if you want to, Hollis. You'll have a chance to learn something about this justice business everybody's always yapping about." Rocky placed a cigarette in his mouth and lighted a match. "And tell the warden to bring a notebook or a stenographer, because I'm only going through this thing once."

A half hour later the metallic scraping of the heavy steel cellblock door announced the arrival of the Warden. The ominous sound of the tumblers of the lock falling into place was followed by the echoing and re-echoing of approaching footsteps. The guard unlocked the door to the cell; and the warden, a tall bespectacled man of sixty years, stepped into the dimly lighted room. A trusty, armed with a pencil and notebook, followed behind him. The guard locked the door and took a position outside.

"Hollis says you want to make a confession,

Rocky," the Warden began. "I was glad to hear it. There's a lot in the saying that confession is good for the soul. You'll feel better when you go inside tonight, to know that you've cleared the whole thing up. It's better all the way around".

"I'm not going to confess to the Bailey hold-up and murder, if that's what you think," Rocky replied. "I didn't do that job. What I said in court was th' truth! Because I had a long record, and was picked up right after the killing carrying a gun, they pinned it on me. But I didn't do it. I'm clean."

The Warden stood up with a frown on his face. "Rocky, my job is to run a correction institution. I don't pass judgment . . . I don't convict. My job is to see that the verdicts of the courts are carried out. You had a trial. You were convicted and sentenced to die for your crime. You appealed and the conviction was upheld. There is nothing more that can be done. The Governor has refused to act. I'm sorry but it is useless to discuss it further. You'd better use the few hours you have left on prayer and meditation."

"Hold on, Warden!" Rocky put in. "What I've got to say, you'll be interested in hearing. I'll stick to the story that I didn't pull the Bailey job. Oh, I've pulled plenty of jobs, all right. I've done a lot of time for some of them, and I've got away with a lot of them. Or at least I thought I got away with them. Tonight, I guess I'll pay on the line for them all. I ain't asking for no more reprieves. I know I'm a cooked goose. That's why I asked Hollis to bring you down here. I got nothing to lose now, so I might as well say what I'm going to say. But believe me, it has nothing to do with the Bailey job. Whoever pulled that caper is on the outside tonight, probably laughing about the fact that I'm going to burn for what he done."

The Warden motioned to the trusty to be ready with his notebook. "Okay, Rocky, let's have it. But if it's a trick to postpone the execution, I'm warning you it doesn't have a

chance. I've listened to every story in the book, and a couple of others."

"Well, it's like this, Warden. About four years ago I was upstate at the new race track. I got cleaned out after about two days of the meet. I figured the only thing to do was to pull some kind of caper to get refinanced. I had a revolver in my hotel room, and I went there and picked it up. I went back to the parking lot near the track and hung around. When the races were over, I watched the people getting into their cars. Finally I see one old duck wobbling across the yard. He looked plenty drunk to me. When I saw him climbing into a big Caddie, I decided he's my man. As he pulled out of the lot I opened the door and jumped in beside him, and pushed the gun into his ribs. He was plenty scared. I made him drive about twenty miles out of town, and then told him to hand over his roll. All of a sudden, he reached for the gun, and I let him have it. He fell over the wheel, and I knew he was dead. I threw him out, into the bushes, then I cleaned up the car. I went into the nearest town and bought a shovel. That night, I buried the guy in the woods. There's a map of the spot on the wall. The next day, I drove the car into a quarry. I'd lifted the guy's wallet, and he was loaded. I spent the winter in Florida. That guy is still reported as 'missing'."

As he finished speaking Rocky stood up, his eyes blazing fiercely. "That's what I meant by justice. I murder a guy and get away cold. Then I get picked up when I'm clean and get sent to the chair. There's something peculiar about it. Maybe there is something to this justice business after all."

A door squealed open and running footsteps could be heard in the corridor. A prison official waved a paper in the direction of the warden. "Rocky's reprieved" he exclaimed. "The governor just phoned that some other man confessed to the Bailey job. He went to his preacher with the story. Claims he couldn't let an innocent man die. If it stands up, Rocky'll be free."

CRIME AND JUSTICE

THE MAN WHO WAS WORTH HIS WEIGHT IN GOLD....



PAULS ? / RETREE ?



MAKE 'IM LAY OFF! THE GUY DIDN'T MEAN TUH WRECK THE CAR!

TRY AN' STOP IT, BUSTER... YOU'RE ASKIN' FOR ANOTHER HOLE IN THE HEAD!

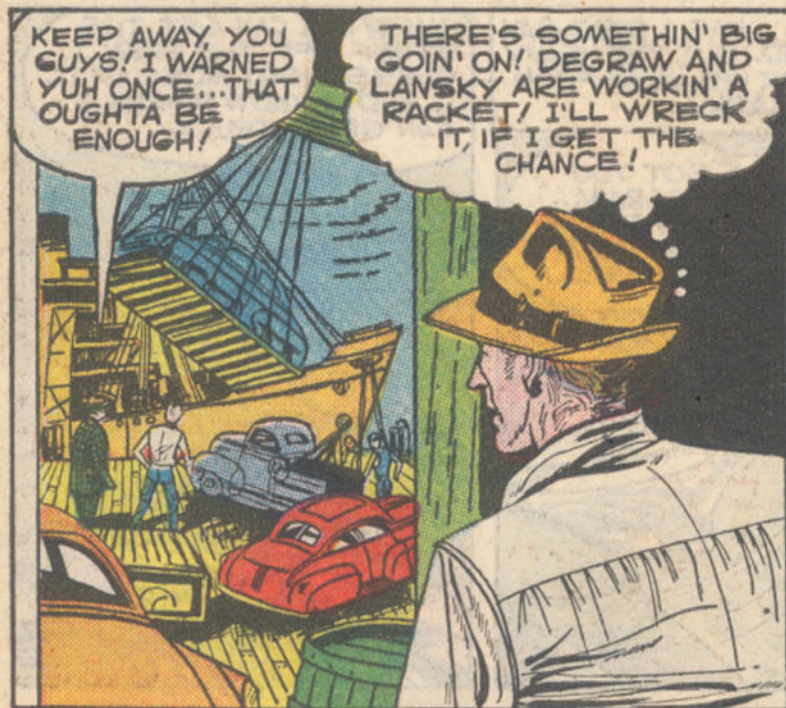
BUNGLING IDIOT! COME ON, CHICK, GET THAT CAR TOWED OUT HERE!



HOOK LALLY WAS NO COWARD...BUT THE DEADLY MENACE OF CHICK DEGRAW AND ART LANSKY WAS ENOUGH TO MAKE ANY MAN HESITATE!

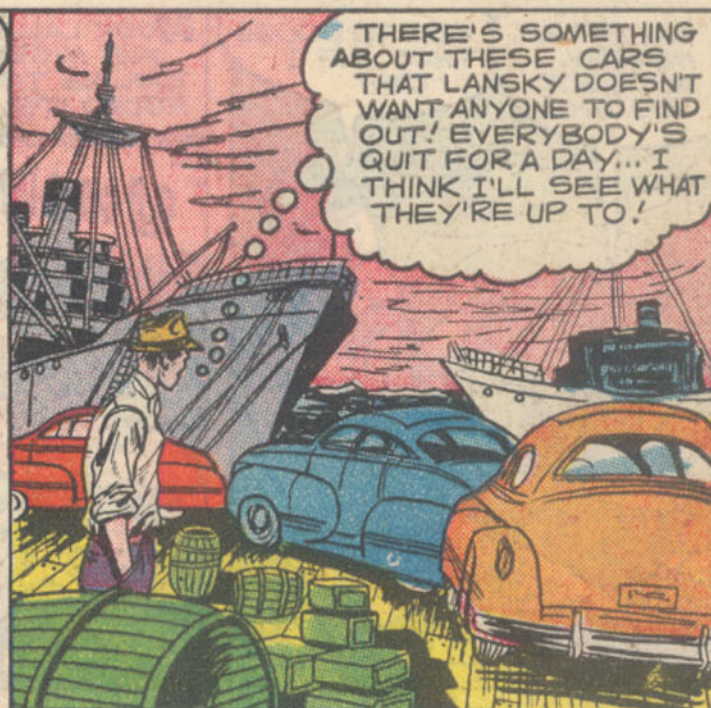
BEAT IT, MUSCLEHEAD! THE BOSS DON'T LIKE SNOOPERS AROUND!

I'LL SEE YOU AGAIN, DEGRAW! I KNOW YOU GOT A ROD...BUT THEY DON'T CALL ME 'HOOK' FOR NOTHIN'!



KEEP AWAY, YOU GUYS! I WARNED YUH ONCE...THAT OUGHTA BE ENOUGH!

THERE'S SOMETHIN' BIG GOIN' ON! DEGRAW AND LANSKY ARE WORKIN' A RACKET! I'LL WRECK IT, IF I GET THE CHANCE!



THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT THESE CARS THAT LANSKY DOESN'T WANT ANYONE TO FIND OUT! EVERYBODY'S QUIT FOR A DAY... I THINK I'LL SEE WHAT THEY'RE UP TO!



DOGGONE IT, I DROPPED MY HOOK! THERE IT IS! HEY, I WONDER WHAT THAT HUNK OF METAL IS WELDED ON, THE FRAME FOR?...



SEE IF I CAN PRY IT OFF WITH MY HOOK! WHATEVER IT IS, IT'S....IT'S GOLD, SO THAT'S WHAT LANSKY WAS JUMPY ABOUT!



GOLD... I'M RICH! THERE MUST BE MORE ON ALL THE CARS! I'LL CLEAN IT OUT AND I'M SET FOR LIFE!



THOUGHT I HEARD SOME- DEGRAW!

YUH'RE ASKIN' FOR IT, BUSTER!! MISSED!



I TOLD YUH I'D GET YUH, DEGRAW! I'M GOIN' TO GIVE YOU THE BEATING OF YOUR LIFE!

YOU HAD IT, LALLY-- I'M GONNA- ... OOOH!



HOOK LALLY WAS WINNING THAT DESPERATE STRUGGLE...BUT A MAN LIKE DEGRAW DOESN'T CARRY A GUN FOR NOTHING !....

YOU HAD IT, PUNK!

I STILL GOT A CHANCE... BUT I'D BETTER NOT MISS!



YUH GOT ME, MCGRAW... BUT I GOT YOU TOO!

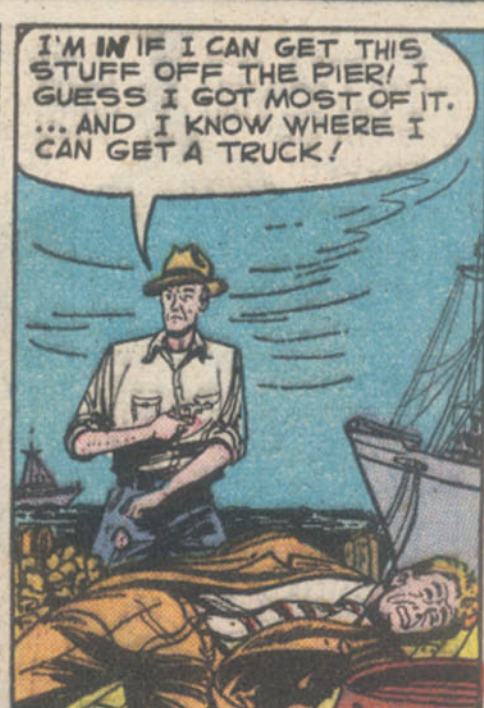
GOT TO DODGE THAT.... IF I CAN!



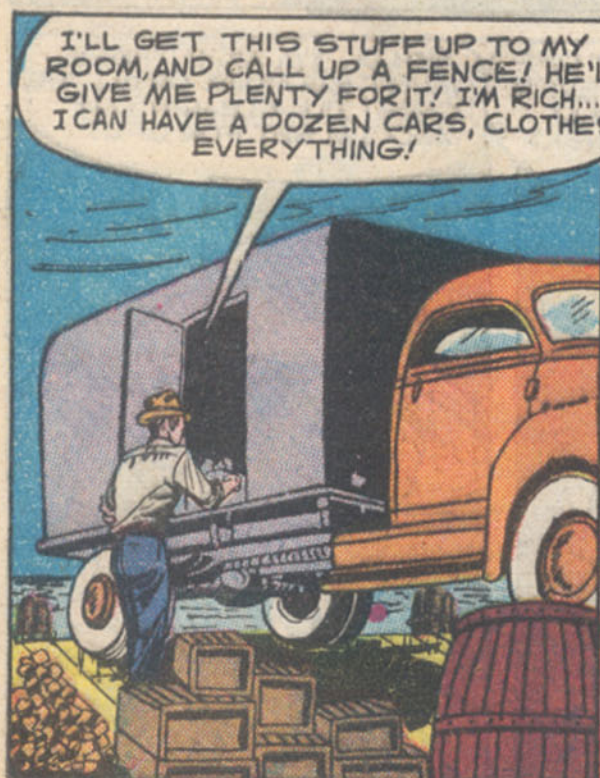
HOOK LALLY WAS A DEAD MAN IF HE MISSED..BUT THE HEAVY TOOL HE TOOK HIS NAME FROM FOUND ITS MARK!

UNGH!

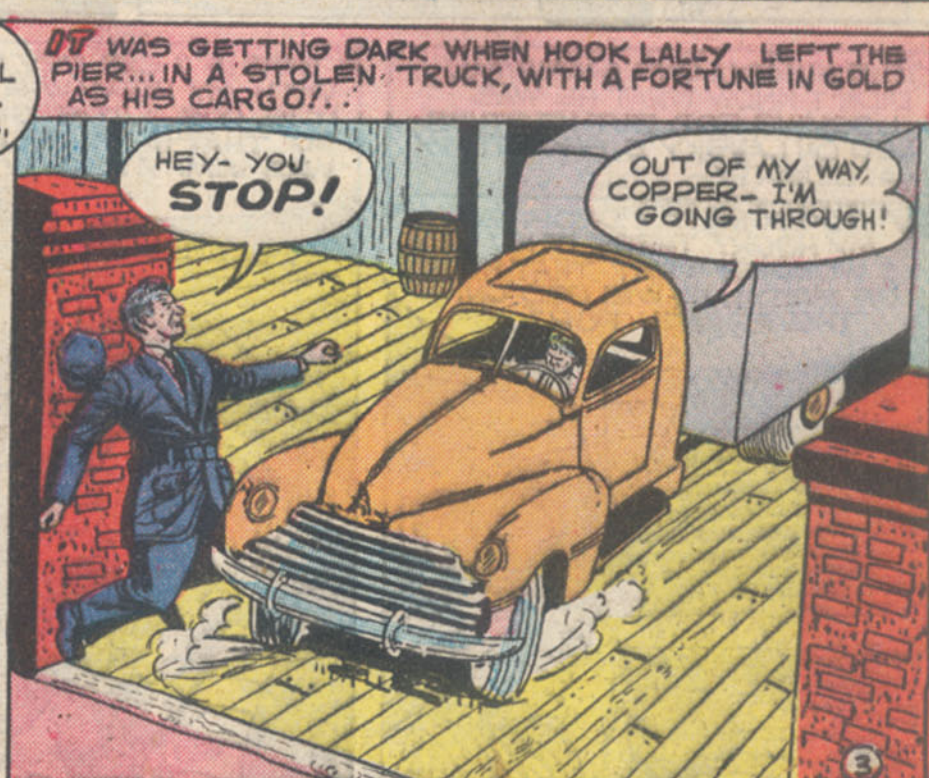
GOT YOU MCGRAW... AND I'LL GET THE GOLD AS WELL!



I'M IN IF I CAN GET THIS STUFF OFF THE PIER! I GUESS I GOT MOST OF IT. ... AND I KNOW WHERE I CAN GET A TRUCK!



I'LL GET THIS STUFF UP TO MY ROOM, AND CALL UP A FENCE! HE'LL GIVE ME PLENTY FOR IT! I'M RICH.... I CAN HAVE A DOZEN CARS, CLOTHES, EVERYTHING!



IT WAS GETTING DARK WHEN HOOK LALLY LEFT THE PIER...IN A STOLEN TRUCK, WITH A FORTUNE IN GOLD AS HIS CARGO!..

HEY- YOU STOP!

OUT OF MY WAY, COPPER- I'M GOING THROUGH!

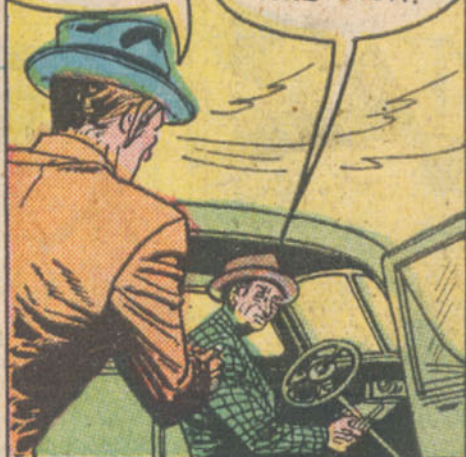
THE LAST ECHOES OF HOOK LALLY'S GOLD CRAZED LAUGHTER STILL SOUNDED ON PIER SIX AS CHICK MCGRAW REGAINED CONSCIOUSNESS!...

WAIT'LL LANSKY HEARS THAT MUSCLEHEAD HIJACKED THE GOLD! I'LL GET HOLD OF ART, AND WE'LL FIND LALLY QUICK ENOUGH! THIS TIME I WON'T MISS!



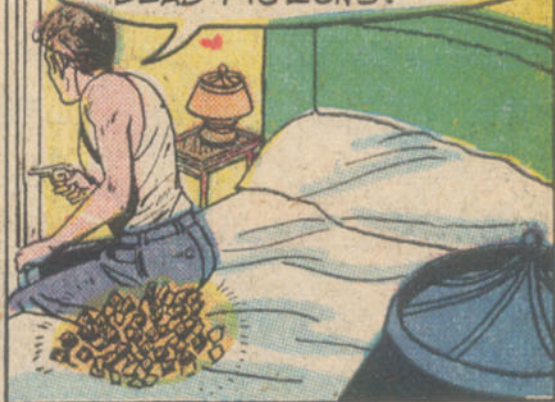
I FEEL LIKE A DOPE, CHIEF! LALLY KNOCKED ME COLD AND GRABBED THE GOLD... TOOK MY ROD TOO! HOW WE GONNA FIND 'IM?

I'LL GET AROUND TO YOU LATER, STUPID! WE'LL FIND LALLY FIRST... AND **DON'T** LET 'IM TAKE THIS IRON!



MEANWHILE... HOOK LALLY HAD CONTACTED THE FENCE, AND NOW WAITS FOR THE FORTUNE THAT HE ALREADY COUNTED AS HIS!...

I NEVER STOLE A DIME IN MY LIFE TILL NOW... AND I'M AS JUMPY AS A CAT! IT'S WORTH IT, THOUGH! IF ANYONE GETS IN MY WAY NOW, THEY'RE DEAD PIGEONS!

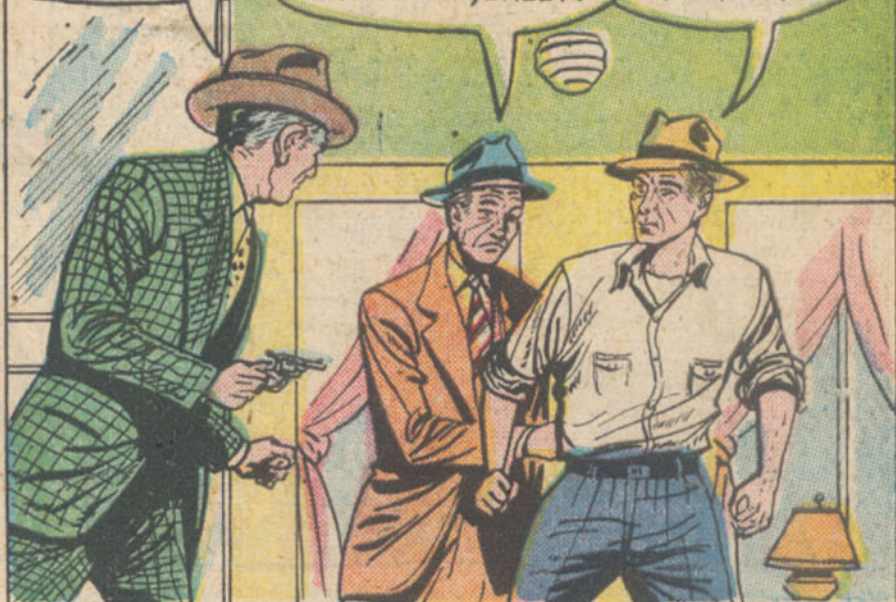
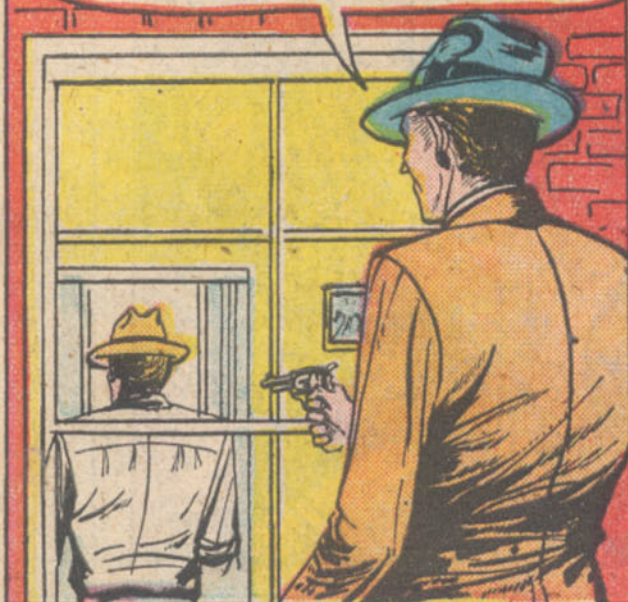


THERE HE IS NOW! IN TEN MINUTES I'LL BE LAMMIN' OUT THIS TOWN! I THINK I'LL HEAD FOR FLORIDA FIRST!

HELLO, BIG SHOT! DROP 'IM IF HE MOVES, CHICK!

I'D LIKE NOTHIN' BETTER, BOSS! STEP BACK INSIDE THE ROOM, LALLY!

I SHOULD'VE KNOWN I COULDN'T GET AWAY WITH IT!



HE ONLY GOT HALF OF IT, CHICK! OR MAYBE HE GOT IT ALL, AND HE'S PLAYING IT SMART! FIND OUT!

YUH HEARD 'IM, LALLY! WHERE'S THE REST OF IT?

THAT'S ALL I GOT, MCGRAW! IF THERE'S ANY MORE, IT'S STILL ON THE PIER!

HOOK LALLY HAD BEEN TOO LONG ON THE WATER FRONT NOT TO KNOW WHAT WAS COMING THEN! HE READ HIS FATE IN THE COLD EYES OF CHICK MCGRAW, AND ART LANSKY!



HOW'LL YOU TAKE IT LALLY? FROM IN FRONT OR BACK?

LET'S NOT QUIBBLE BOSS... GIVE IT TO 'IM, BOTH WAYS!

HAVE A GOOD TIME, YOU RATS! MAYBE IT WON'T BE THAT SIMPLE!



HOOK LALLY SAVED HIS OWN LIFE THEN..... HE PLAYED FOR TIME!..

HOLD IT, LANSKY! AS LONG AS I GET KNOCKED FOR THE STUFF, WHAT WAS THE GOLD DOIN' ON THE PIER? I DON'T GET THE PITCH!

YOU'RE TOO DUMB TO GET IT! IT'S EASY ENOUGH.... WE GET GOLD HERE IN THIS COUNTRY AND SELL IT OVERSEAS! GOLD IS WORTH THIRTY-SIX DOLLARS AN OUNCE HERE.... THEY PAY FIFTY DOLLARS AN OUNCE IN EUROPE!



WELL, WADDYA KNOW! IT'S FUNNY SOMEBODY ELSE DIDN'T THINK OF THAT!

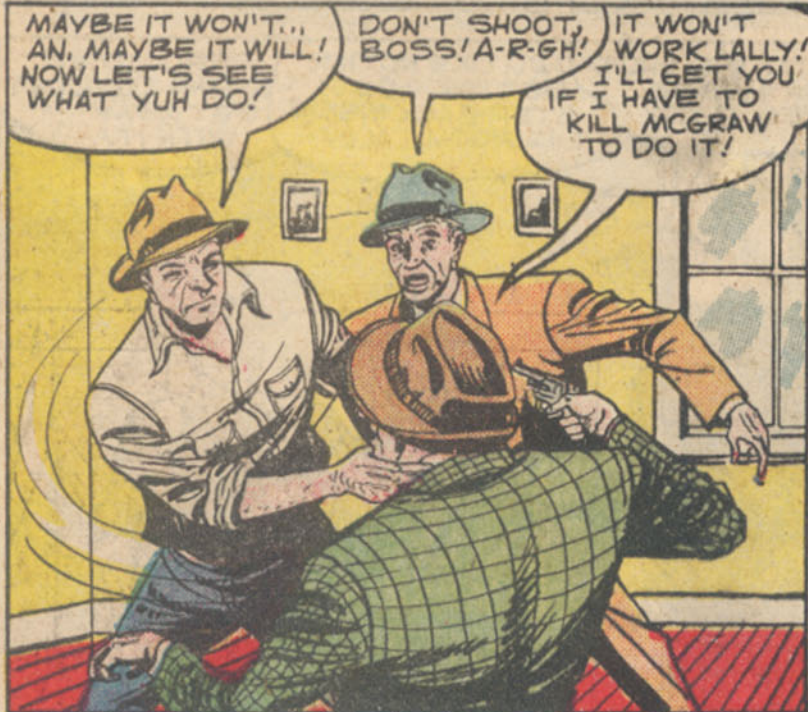
IT'S NOT THAT SIMPLE! WE HAVE TO GET THE GOLD FROM DENTAL SUPPLY HOUSES, JEWELRY MANUFACTURERS, AND SO ON! WE HAD A SMOOTH OPERATION TILL YOU GUMMED IT UP... BUT THAT WON'T HAPPEN AGAIN!



MAYBE IT WON'T... AN. MAYBE IT WILL! NOW LET'S SEE WHAT YUH DO!

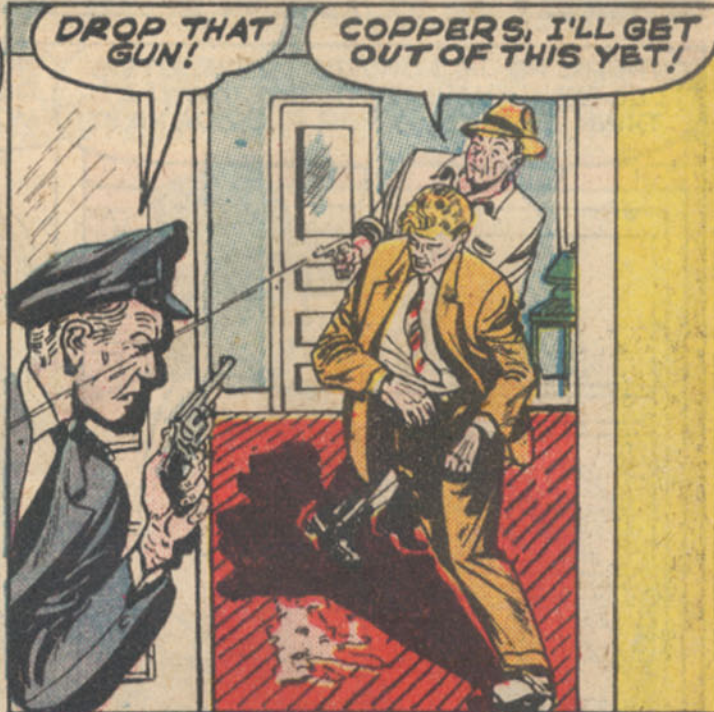
DON'T SHOOT, BOSS! A-R-GH!

IT WON'T WORK LALLY! I'LL GET YOU IF I HAVE TO KILL MCGRAW TO DO IT!



DROP THAT GUN!

COPPERS, I'LL GET OUT OF THIS YET!



YOU'RE THROUGH, LANSKY WE'VE BEEN WAITING TO GET YOU FOR A LONG TIME!

OOF! THE..... BEST SET-UP... I EVER HAD!

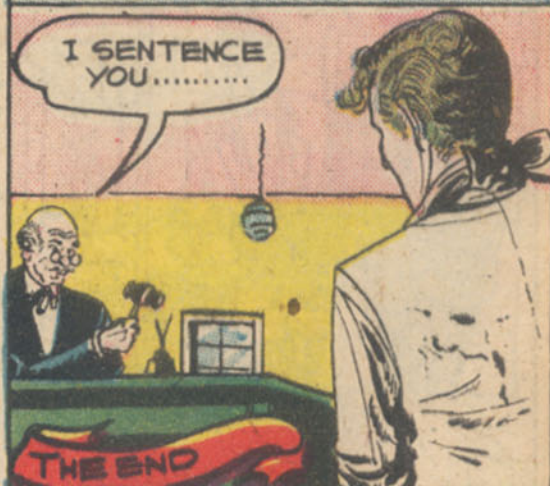
WHEW! IF THAT'S GOLD, AND IT SURE LOOK LIKE IT, NO WONDER THEY WERE WILLING TO KILL FOR IT! CALL HOMICIDE, BILL... I'LL STAY HERE!

COME ALONG LALLY, WHAT EVER YOU HAD TO DO WITH IT, WE'LL FIND OUT!



ROBERT N. "HOOK" LALLY WAS TRIED FOR GRAND LARCENY ON SEPTEMBER 17, 1946! HIS SENTENCE OF THREE AND ONE HALF TO SEVEN YEARS WAS STRONG FOR A FIRST OFFENCE. HE WAS HAPPY TO BE ALIVE-- TO HEAR THE SENTENCE READ!.....

I SENTENCE YOU.....



THE END

NIGHTMARE OF DEATH!



WHO CAN CONTROL HIS MIND? WHAT WILD VAGARIES RACE THROUGH A MAN'S BRAIN AS HE IS SWEEPED AWAY FROM REALITY BY THE WEIRD PLAY OF THOUGHTS.... WHO KNOWS WHAT HORROR LIES WITHIN A PLACID EXTERIOR? FOLLOW US AS WE PLUMB THE DEPTHS OF A MAN'S MIND ----

A CRUEL-FACED MAN BOARDS
A NEW YORK-BOUND TRAIN.
AT A WAY STATION....

BRRR---
THAT'S A
NASTY
LOOKING
CUSTOM-
ER---

YAS SUH--HE
SHO LOOKS AS
THOUGH HE
WUZ OUT TO
COMMIT A
MURDER---BUT
YO' NEVER CAN
TELL---NO
SUH.



WUT TO COMMIT MURDER?
HOW ABSURD--PEOPLE
DON'T LOOK AS THOUGH
THEY'RE GOING TO KILL....
SEE..WHAT CAN BE MORE
HARMLESS THAN RINGING
A DOOR BELL?

WHAT'S TAKING HER SO
LONG TO ANSWER
THE BELL?



RRRRING!
RRRRRING!

ARNIE-- IT'S SO GOOD TO HAVE YOU BACK--
AFTER ALL THESE MONTHS. HOW
ARE YOU?

OHhhh---
ALL RIGHT, I
GUESS.



ARNIE? BUT AM I
EVER HAPPY TO SEE YOU!
COME IN--COME IN.

HELLO,
HELENE.



YES, ARNIE-- WHAT IS
IT? WHY ARE YOU LOOKING
AT ME SO QUEERLY?



YOU SIT RIGHT DOWN, ARNIE--
AND MAKE YOURSELF
COMFORTABLE--I'LL EVEN
LIGHT A FIRE
FOR YOU.

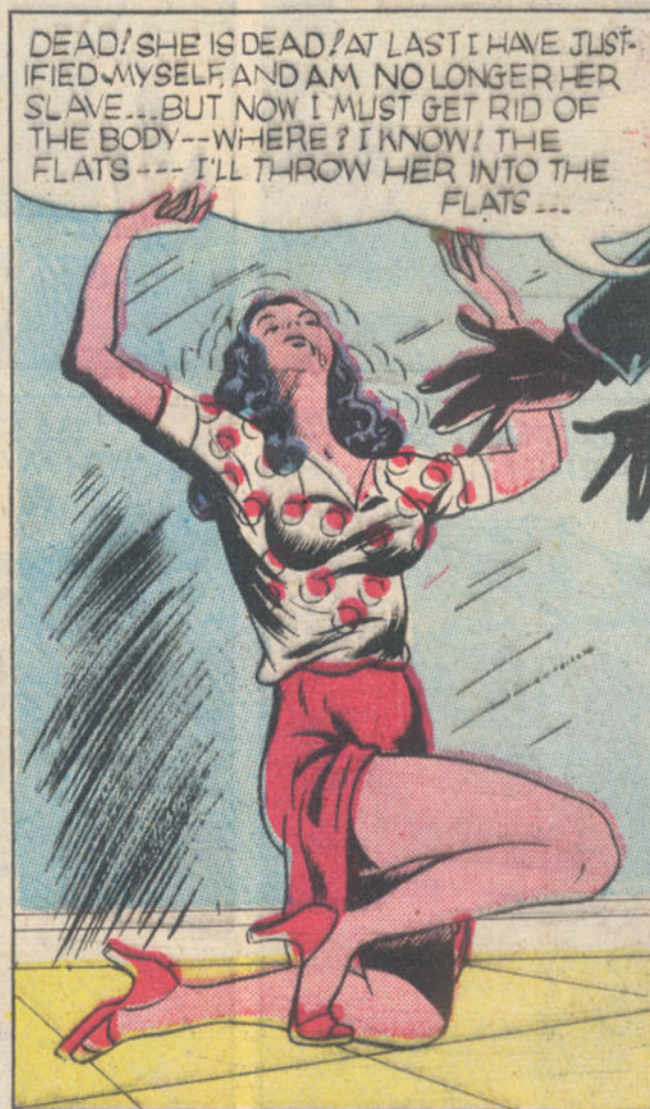
THANK
YOU--
HELENE.

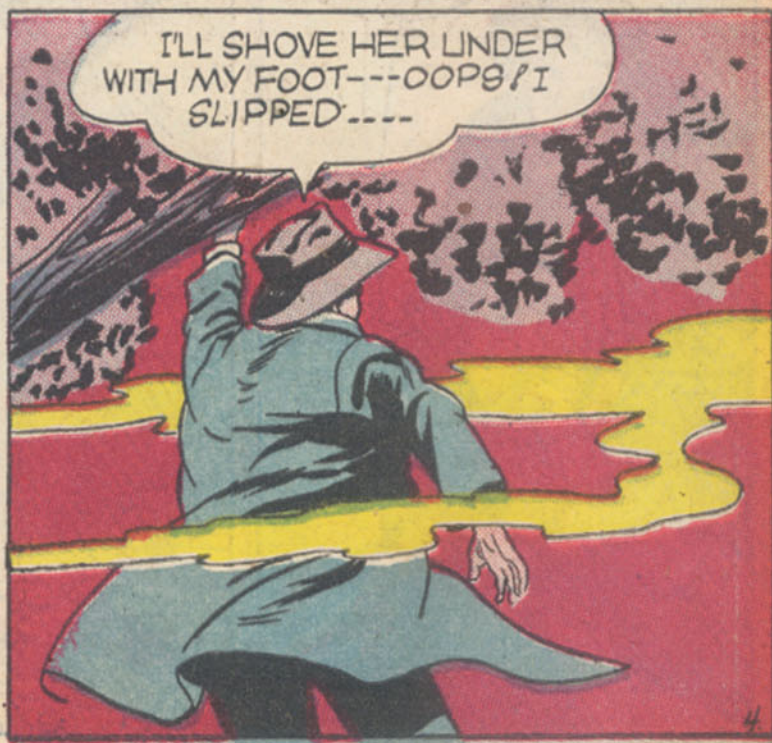
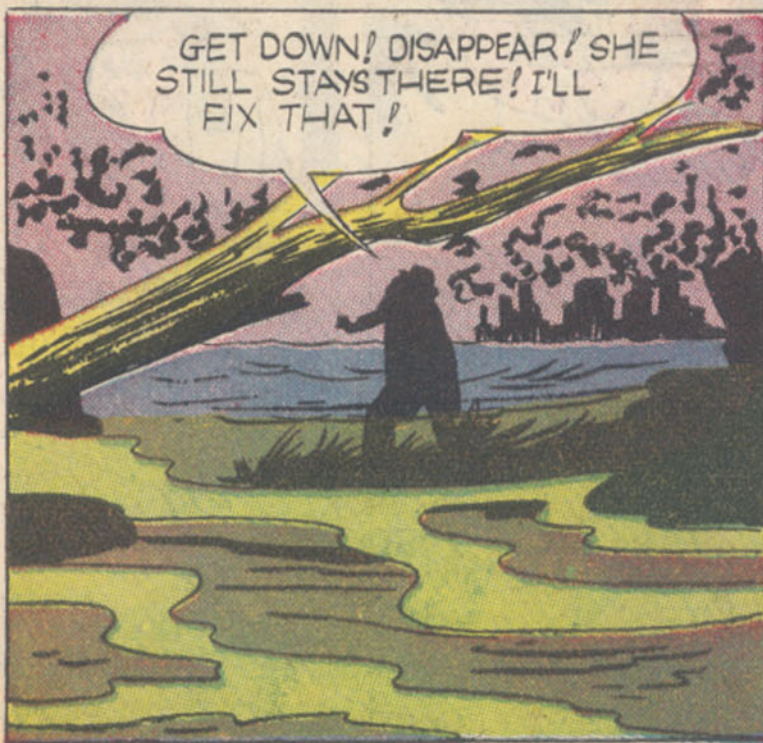
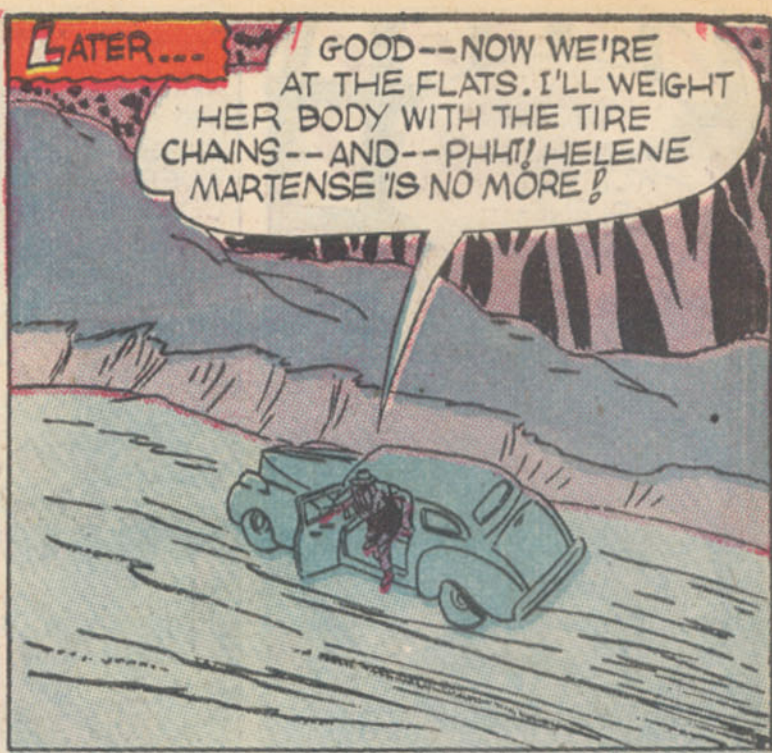
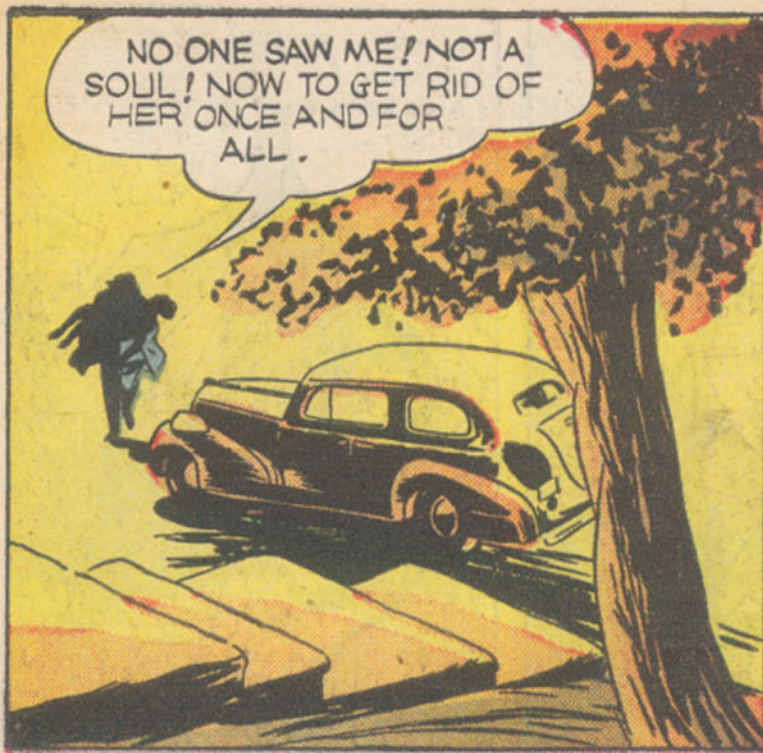


I KNOW
HOW YOU LOVE
A FIRE,
ARNIE
AND---

HELENE!
I HAVE
SOMETHING
TO TELL
YOU...











A
LITTLE
DISUNITY
IN
THE
NEW
YORK
OFFICE
OF
THE
F.B.I.

BUT WHY, CHIEF,
WHY? WHAT DID I
DO TO DESERVE A
CASE LIKE THIS??
I DON'T KNOW A
REMBRANDT FROM
A COMIC STRIP!

THAT'S ALL,
RAWSON!
THE SAN-
CHEZ CASE
IS YOUR
BABY.
GOODBYE.

BUT...

CLOSE THE DOOR
ON THE WAY
OUT!



FEUNE/Altman?

WHAT A LEMON THIS CASE IS... SOME CHARACTER NAMED SANCHEZ COMES UP FROM ARGENTINA, WITH A COLLECTION OF PAINTINGS VALUED AT TWO HUNDRED GRAND. ONE GETS SWIPED. HE COLLECTS FROM THE INSURANCE COMPANY THE INSURANCE BOYS ARE SUSPICIOUS, SO I HAVE TO GET TO THE BOTTOM OF IT!



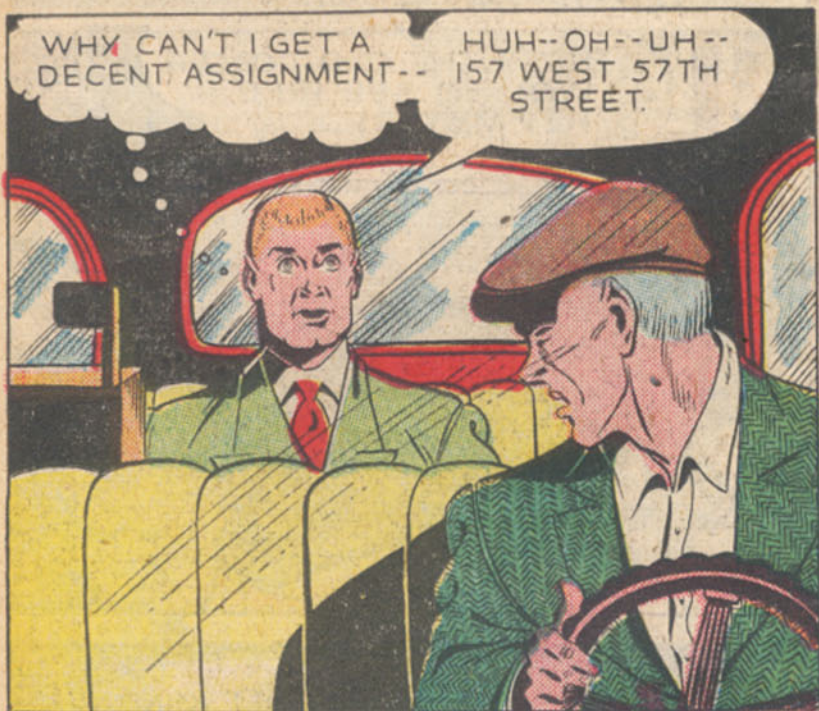
SOMEBODY HAS AN ART GALLERY ON 57TH STREET AND THAT'S WHERE I'M GOING NOW.

WHERE TO, MISTER?



WHY CAN'T I GET A DECENT ASSIGNMENT--

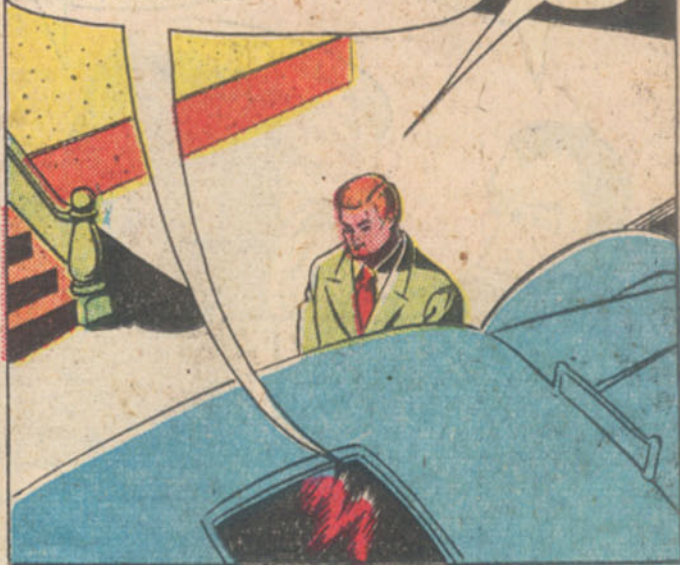
HUH--OH--UH-- 157 WEST 57TH STREET.



LATER...

HERE WE ARE MAC, AN' YA BETTER STOP TALKIN' TO YERSELF. YA KIN GO NUTS THAT WAY.

YEAH, YOU'RE RIGHT!



MIGHT AS WELL GO IN HA--WHAT A LAUGH. LEN RAWSON IN AN ART GALLERY!



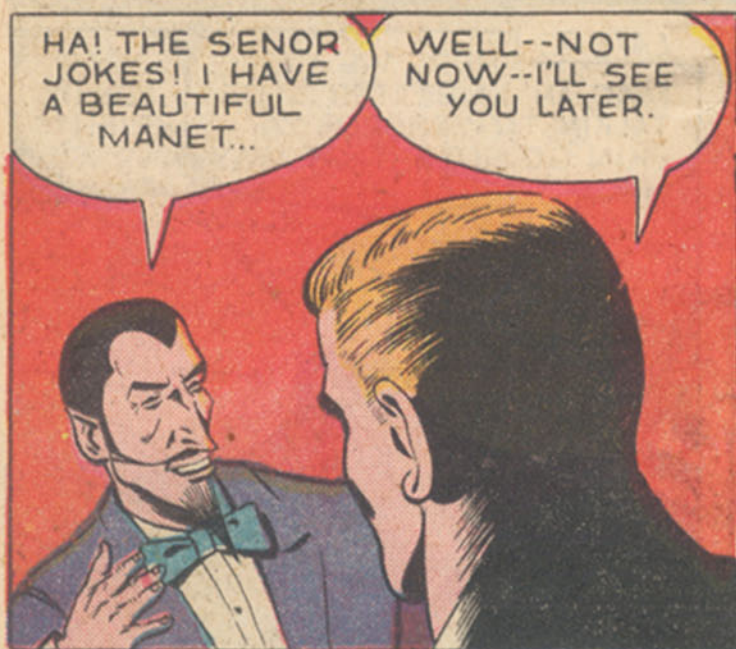
INSIDE THE GALLERY...

BUT SANCHEZ--I MUST HAVE MONEY--I MUST...

NOT NOW, GO! I'LL ATTEND TO YOU LATER...



SANCHEZ, HMM!



OUTSIDE THE STUDIO...



I'M AGENT RAWSON, FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION. SEE IF YOU CAN GET A LINE ON THIS FELLOW.

YES, MR. RAWSON

BACK AT THE ART GALLERY...

IT LOOKS AS THOUGH THE BIRD IS PACKING.

I'M VERY SORRY SENOR, NO MORE BUSINESS TODAY.

NOW GO, SENOR YOU DISTURB US AT OUR WORK.

OKAY-- DON'T GET EXCITED.

A FEW MINUTES LATER...

AND THAT'S HOW IT IS CHIEF... I'M KEEPING AN EYE ON THIS JOINT... YOU LET ME KNOW WHEN YOU HEAR FROM BUENOS AIRES, WILL YOU? OKAY. CALL ME BACK.

MORE TIME PASSES...

HEY, ARE YOU RAWSON? BECAUSE IF YOU ARE, THERE'S A PHONE CALL FOR YOU.

YEAH! THAT'S ME.

YOU HAVE THE DOPE? OH--SO OUR BOY SANCHEZ PULLED THE SAME GAG IN ARGENTINE, EH? WELL, I'M CLOSING IN ON HIM CHIEF. I DON'T NEED ANY HELP---I CAN USE THE EXERCISE.

VICH .20
DAST.35
TRIPE 45



HEY, SANCHEZ...
I WANT TO TALK
TO YOU...

HA...
YOU
AGAIN?!



YEAH--AN'
THIS TIME
I'M STAYING.

OH, THE FEDERAL
BUREAU OF INVESTI-
GATION...UH--SENOR,
WOULD YOU STEP
INTO MY OFFICE.

IN SANCHEZ OFFICE...

WE KNOW ALL ABOUT
HOW YOU WORKED
THE SAME INSURANCE
RACKET IN BUENOS
AIRES, SANCHEZ...COL-
LECTING ON A SUPPOS-
EDLY STOLEN PAINTING
...AND WE ALSO KNOW...

THAT THE PAINTINGS
ARE NOT AUTHEN-
TIC. THAT THEY
ARE THE WORK
OF MARTIN GREGG
WHO WAS SHOT
OUTSIDE THIS
BUILDING, EH
SENOR?

YOU TALK TOO
MUCH. WE DIDN'T
KNOW THAT AT
ALL. YOU'RE
UNDER ARREST.

IT IS ONE
THING, SENOR,
TO PLACE ME
UNDER ARREST...

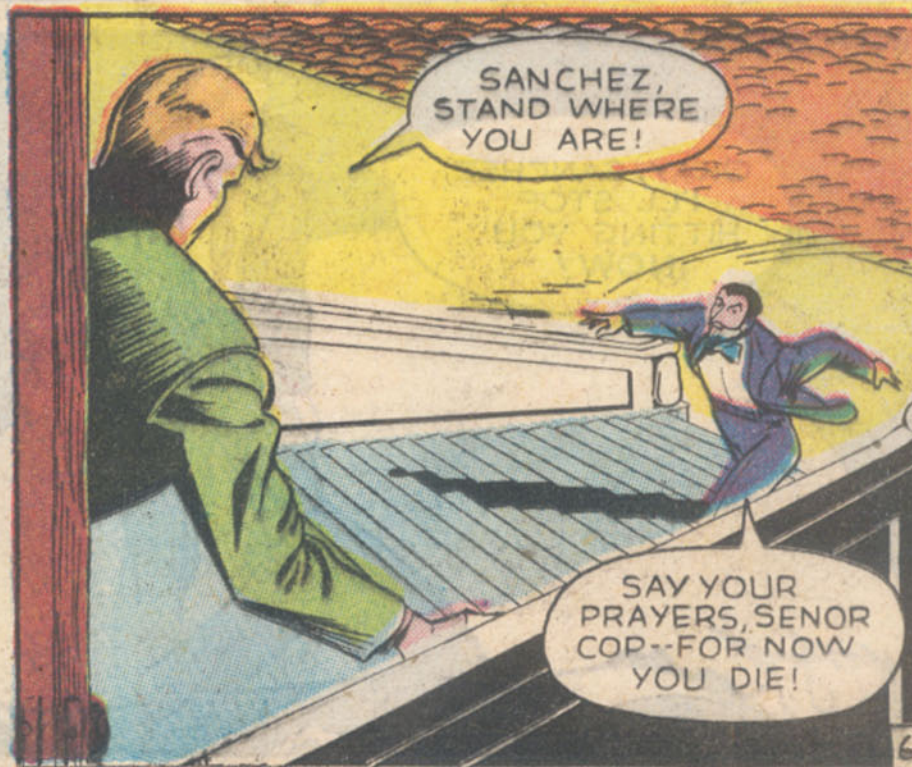
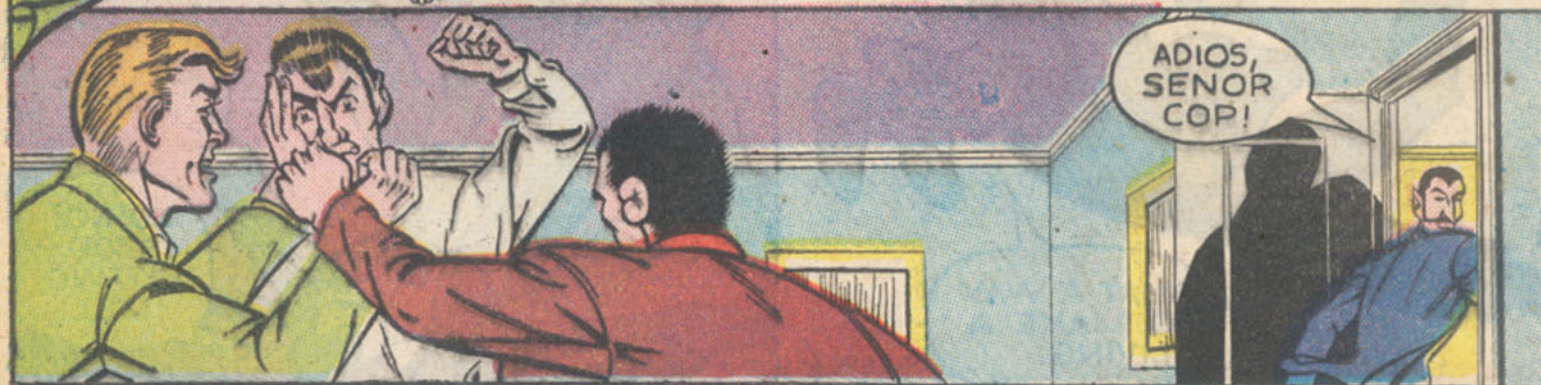
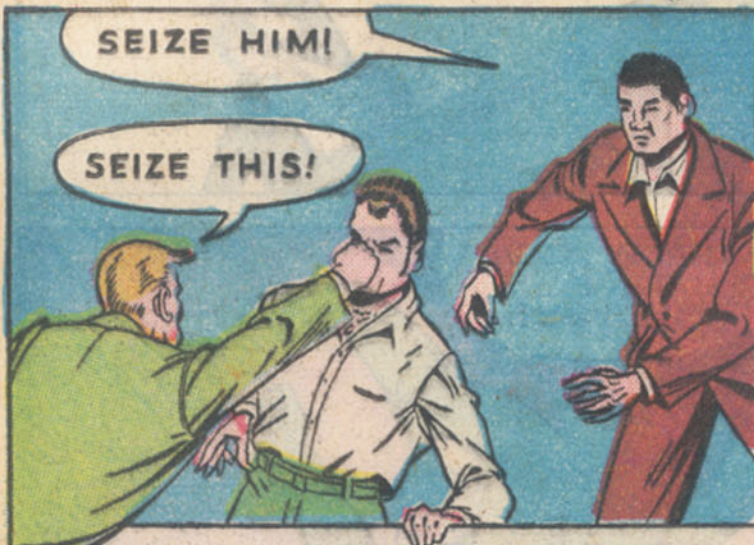
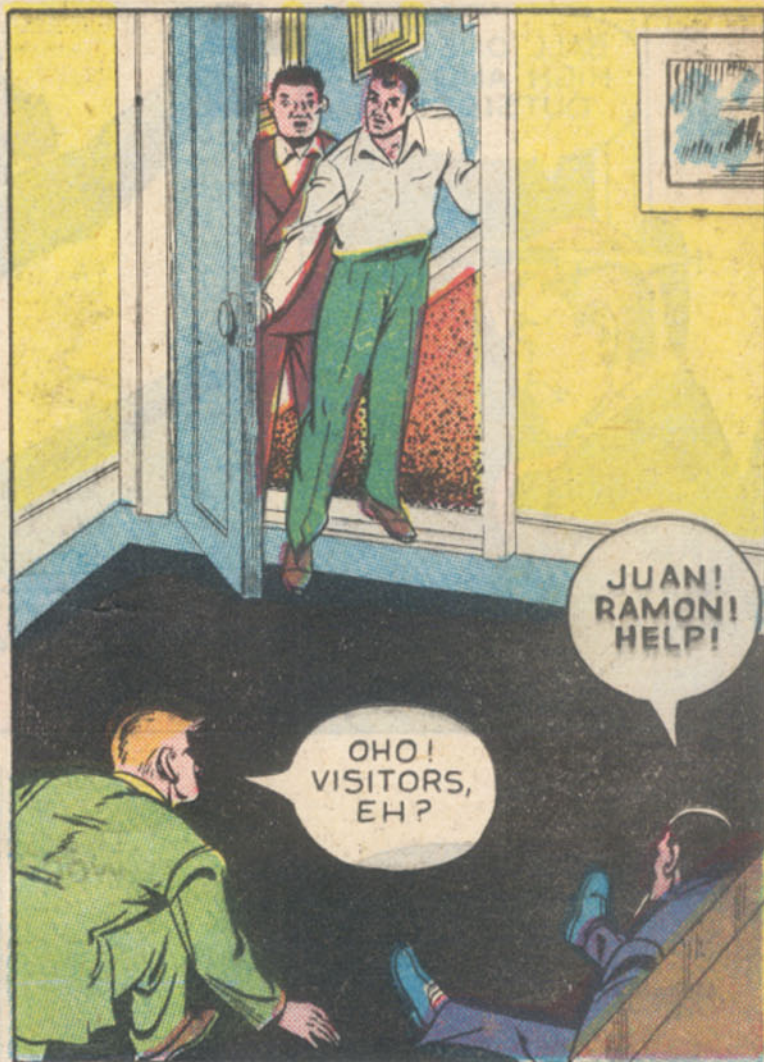
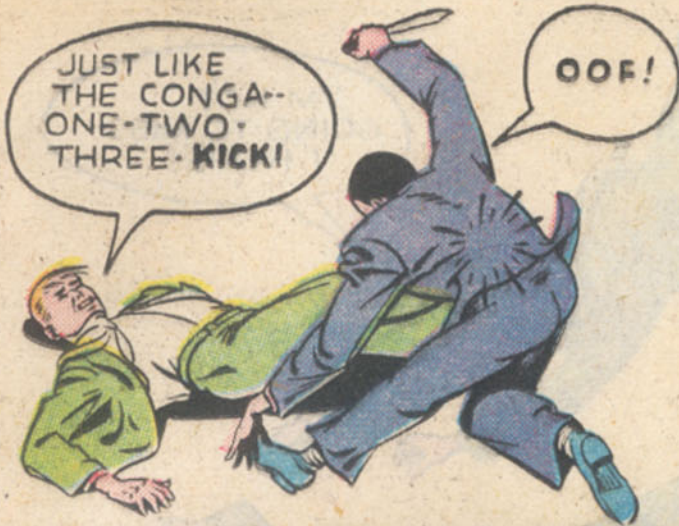


...AND IT'S AN-
OTHER THING
TO HOLD ME!



NOW I'LL
CUT YOUR
HEART OUT!

THAT'S
WHAT YOU
THINK,
BROTHER...







MR. AND MRS. CHARLEY L. WHATLEY
OF CUTHBERT, GA. CAN TELL YOU—
IT'S PRACTICAL AS WELL AS PATRIOTIC
TO BUY BONDS FOR DEFENSE

"I wouldn't own a farm, clear, today," says Mr. Whatley, "if it weren't for U. S. Savings Bonds. My wife and I joined the Payroll Savings Plan in 1943, putting about 25% of our combined pay into bonds. We'd saved \$6,925 by 1950. \$4,000 in bonds bought us our 202-acre farm. Other bonds went for a new truck, refrigerator and electric range. Bonds are the best way of saving!"

The Whatleys' story can be your story, too!

Today, start your safe, sure saving program by signing up for U. S. Defense Bonds through the Payroll Savings Plan where you work or the Bond-A-Month Plan where you bank. Even very small sums, saved systematically through these plans, will provide the cash to make your dreams come true.

**U. S. SAVINGS BONDS
ARE DEFENSE BONDS—
BUY THEM REGULARLY!**



BUNK!

NOBODY
IS JUST
"Naturally"

SKINNY!

Give Me 15 Minutes A Day And I'll
Give YOU A New Body

WOULD you believe it? I was once a skinny 97-pound weakling. I was ashamed to strip for sports or for a swim. Girls snickered at me behind my back. Folks said I was just "naturally-born skinny!"

Then I discovered my marvelous new muscle-building system—"Dynamic Tension." And it turned me into such a complete specimen of manhood that today I hold the title, "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

WHAT'S MY SECRET?

When you look in the mirror and see a healthy, husky fellow smiling back at you—then you'll be astonished at how fast "Dynamic Tension" gets results! And you'll be using the method which many great athletes use for keeping in condition—prize fighters, wrestlers, baseball and football players, etc.

"Dynamic Tension" is the easy natural method that you can practice in the privacy of your own room—just 15 minutes each day—while your scrawny chest and shoulder muscles begin to swell . . . those spindly arms and legs bulge . . . and your whole body starts to feel full of zip, self-confidence, new energy!

**My Illustrated Book is Yours
—Not for \$1.00 or 10c—But FREE**

Send NOW for my famous book, "Everlasting Health and Strength," 48 pages, packed from cover to cover with actual photographs, valuable advice, answers to many vital questions. Page by page it shows what I can do for YOU. This book is a real prize for any fellow who wants a better build. Yet I'll send you a copy absolutely FREE. Just glancing through it may mean the turning point in your whole life! Rush the coupon to me personally: Charles Atlas, Dept. 378G115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.



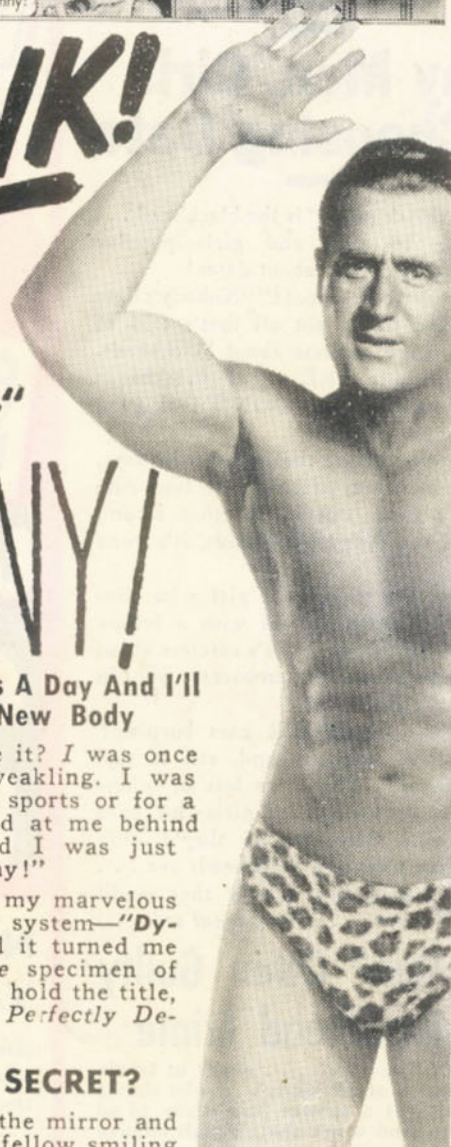
CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 378G
115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.

Send me—absolutely FREE—a copy of your famous book, "Everlasting Health and Strength"—48 pages, crammed with actual photographs, answers to vital health questions, and valuable advice to every man who wants a better build. I understand this book is mine to keep, and sending for it does not obligate me in any way.

Name.....Age.....
(Please print or write plainly)

Address.....

City.....State.....



Charles Atlas

Awarded the title of
"The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

BLACKHEADS "PET HATE"

Say Men, Girls in Choosing Date

What a "black mark" is the blackhead . . . according to men and girls popular enough to be choosy about dates!

"Nobody's dreamboat!" "Nobody's date bait!" And that's not all that's said of those who are careless about blackheads. But blackheads ARE ugly! Blackheads ARE grimy! And they DON'T look good in close-ups!

So can you blame the fellow who says, "Sure, I meet lots of girls who look cute at first glance. But if, on that second glance, I see dingy blackheads, it's *good night!*"

Or can you blame the girl who confesses, "I hate to go out with a fellow who has blackheads. If he's careless about that you're sure he'll embarrass you in other ways, too!"

But you — are YOUR ears burning? Well, you've company and, sad to say, good company. There are lots of otherwise attractive fellows and girls who could date anyone they like if they'd only realize how offensive blackheads are . . . and how easily and quickly they could get rid of them . . . if they *want* to!

"He-Man" Often Guilty of Blackhead Crime

Take your "he-man" . . . super at track, games, sports of all kinds . . . who thinks that after just a shower he's ready to go anywhere! And won't the girls all admire his muscles!

Sure they would! But not many dance floors are set up for hurdle races! You can't show off your snappy left hook when only cokes are in the ring. The "he-man" who's also clean-cut, will get the breaks wherever he is.

Even Cute Girls Become Careless

Easy, too easy, for a girl to think that if she has the latest in clothes and hair-do she needn't bother about blackheads. A little more make-up, she guesses, will take care of that. BUT MAKE-UP WON'T HIDE BLACKHEADS! Not unless it's plaster of paris, maybe! And even good make-up "slips" at a dance! So don't take chances, cute though you may be!

TAKE THESE TIPS TO BANISH BLACKHEADS

Keep skin clean by washing morning and night with warm, almost hot, water. Use good soap and plenty of it. And finish with cool water.

Extract every blackhead as soon as you see it—with a SAFE extractor. Don't use finger nails. Don't squeeze. That may mean infection, injured tissues, a marred skin.

Just be clean! Be quick! And be safe! That's easy! And that's ALL!

I WONDER WHY WE'RE NOT POPULAR SIS?

ASK YOUR FRIEND TOM

TOM, WHY DON'T SIS AND I GET INVITED TO PROMS AND PARTIES

FRANKLY, JIM IT'S THOSE UGLY BLACKHEADS

FELLOWS! GIRLS!
Keep Skin Clear and Clean!

UGLY BLACKHEADS
OUT in Seconds with
VACUTEX

NEW! SCIENTIFIC!
VACUUM ACTION!

Amazing new VACUTEX is painless . . . safe . . . fast! In seconds you are rid of those ugly blackheads that clog the pores . . . make your skin look grimy and dingy . . . give others such a wrong impression of you. VACUTEX creates a gentle vacuum pressure around the blackhead and extracts it—quickly!—without injury to tender skin tissues. Keep skin always clear this new scientific way. Without painful squeezing! Without dangerous infection from germ fingers! Just place VACUTEX over blackhead and draw back extractor. Blackhead's out! Simple! But you'll be delighted by your instantly improved appearance. Others will notice your clearer, cleaner skin! Try VACUTEX—now!

ACTUAL LENGTH 3 1/2"

RUSH
COUPON
NOW!

**10 DAY
TRIAL OFFER**

Don't send a penny. Mail coupon and pay postman only \$1.00 plus postage. Or save all postage by enclosing \$1.00 with guarantee coupon. If not thrilled to be rid of embarrassing hated blackheads this new quick way—just return VACUTEX in 10 days and get \$1 back. Order today!

AREN'T YOU GLAD WE HEARD ABOUT VACUTEX

No Squeezing
No Infection
No Injury
to Skin
Tissues!

Just place VACUTEX over blackhead—release extractor—and blackhead's out!

10 DAY TRIAL GUARANTEE

BALLCO PRODUCTS COMPANY, Dept. 2807
19 West 44th St., New York 18, N. Y.

☐ Enclosed find \$1.00. Send me VACUTEX postpaid.

☐ Ship C.O.D. I will pay postman \$1.00 plus postage.

My dollar will be refunded if I am not delighted.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

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G ALTMAN "FELINE" SAKAKI IRV

SNAKES - IRV ~~LEADERS~~ SAKAKI